The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XII JULY, 1932 No. 7

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 19 July, 1932 No. 7

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"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer for the plaintiff in a case of slander.

"I'd rather not," said the witness timidly; "they were hardly words to tell to a gentleman."

"Ah," said the attorney, "then whisper them to the judge."

A number of raw recruits were being drilled for the army in England recently and an old couple whose son was among them had gone to watch.

"Isn't it a grand sight, pa?" murmured the old lady. "And just look: they're every one of them out of step but our son John."

During a concert tour of the late Theodore Thomas and his celebrated orchestra one of the musicians died, and the following telegram was dispatched to his parents:

"John Blank died suddenly today. Advise by wire as to disposition."

In a few hours the answer was received: "We are heartbroken, his disposition was a roving one."

"I wouldn't o' had no trouble wif de constable ner nobody," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "if it hadn't been foh woman's love ob dress."

"What has dress got to do with it?" asked the jailer.

"Well, my womenfolks, dey wahn't satisfied wid eatin' de mos' ob de chicken. Dey had to go an' put de feathers in deir hats an' p'rade 'em as circum-circumstan-shial ebidence."

"Do animals possess the sentiment of affection?" asked the teacher of small Margaret.

"Yes, ma'am, almost always."

"Correct," said the teacher. Turning to young Harold: "And now tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?"

With but a slight pause the little fellow answered: "Woman."

A well-known New Jersey doctor was playing golf with a well-known New Jersey minister.

"Well, what are we playing for?" asked the doctor.

"Why' it's rather out of my line to put up anything," replied the minister.

"Well," insisted the doctor, "we ought to play for something; so I'll put up a pill and you put up a prayer."

Sandy had an eye for beauty, but he married Tina purely because he knew she would make him a good wife.

His cousin, who had never seen the bride, met him in Glasgow not long after the marriage. "I suppose Tina is a handsome lass?" he said. "I ken ye've gude taste, Sandy."

"Aweel," said the bridegroom, cautiously, "she's the Lord's handiwork, Tammas; I'm no' prepared to say she is His masterpiece."

"The hesitating, *Hamlet* type of man had best keep out of finance," said Mr. Lawson at a recent dinner. "I had a boyhood friend of the type I mean—a fellow named Grimems. He was a falterer, a doubter of the most exaggerated sort.

"One evening I stopped to call on him and found him in a deep study, bent over a white waistcoat lying on a table.

"'Hello, Grimes,' I said. 'What's the trouble?'

"'This waistcoat,' he replied, holding the garment up to view. 'It's too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to send to the laundry. I don't know what to do about it!'"

Young Mrs. Scott was attending her first ball-game. The home team was doing well that day, and for a time she patiently endured her husband's transports and his brief explanations. But when, amid the cheering, howling crowd he sprang upon the seat, waved his new straw hat three times around his head, and almost shattered it on the fat man in front, Mrs. Scott exclaimed:

"What on earth's the matter, John?"

"Why, dearie," he answered, as soon as he could get his breath, "didn't you see the fielder catch that ball?"

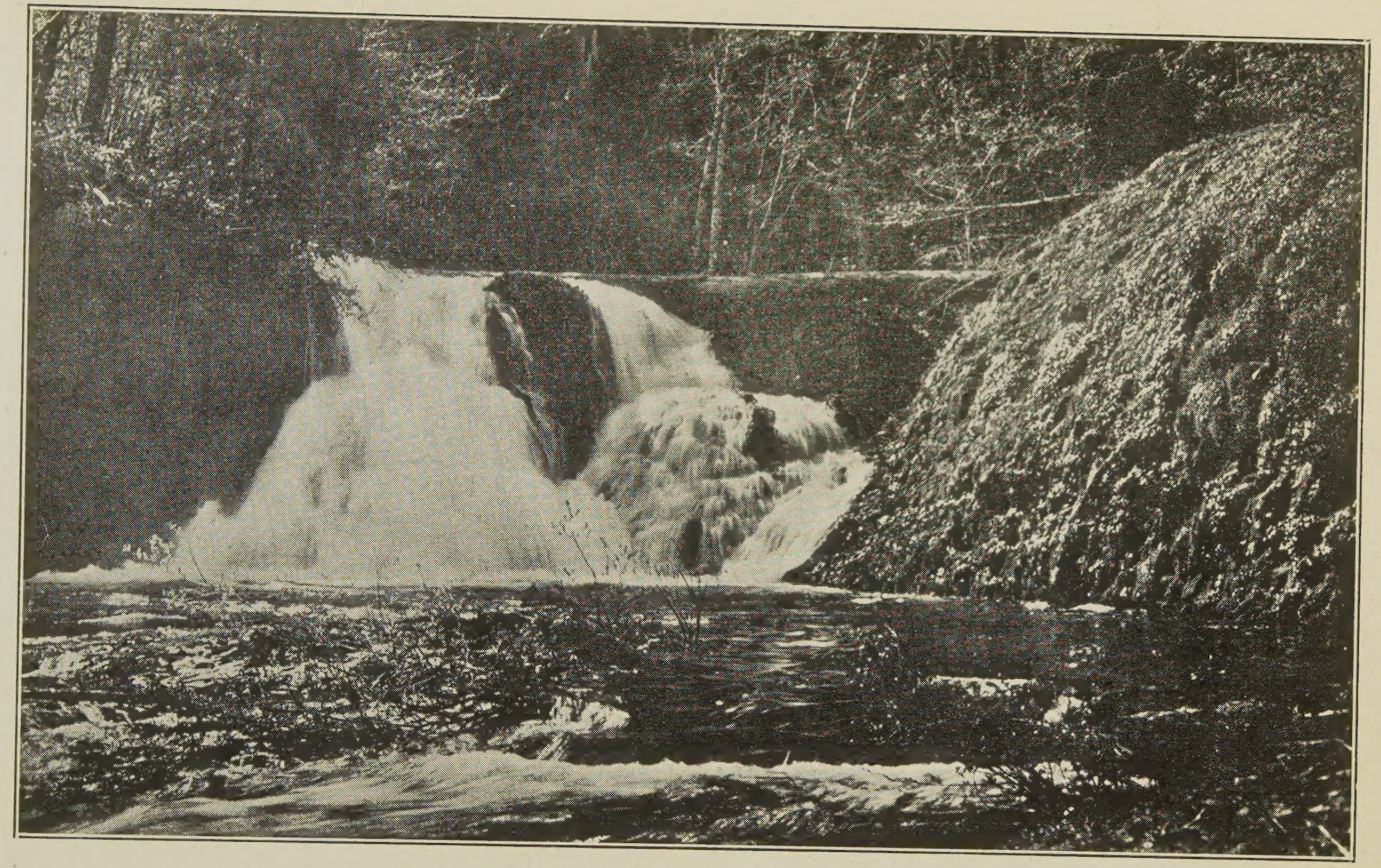
"Of course," said young Mrs. Scott disgustedly. "I thought that was what he was out there for."

This is the Place

By Vernald Wm. Johns

This is the place—
Though told by human lips the words made known
To men of earth truth held by heaven alone:
Declared that yonder barren desert soil
Was deep to plow and would reward their toil
With bounteous stores of hay, of fruit and grain,
When mountain streams had quenched its thirst for rain;
Predicted that the latest frost of spring
No vine would blight, that autumn would not bring
Cold winds to chill too soon the fruited tree
And nullify the gains of industry;
Avowed that here all foes they would withstand,
Of homes or lives, or pests of crop or land,
That wooded hills and scattered valleys long
Would house and feed and clothe an empire strong.

This is the place—
A line with prophecy in each terse word—
Prophetic breath that rocks and seasons heard,
As though it were command they must obey,
And hearing, stirred to meet their dawning destiny.



TWIN FALLS IN OREGON WOODLAND

Keystone Photo Service

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIX JULY, 1932 No. 7

A Shrine is Made

By Fay Ollerton

A FIT place for the father of our country is Mt. Vernon. In 1932, its porches and pillars stand in white contrast to the lush green meadows; its hallways are polished, its mirrors shining; and its flower gardens are perhaps more lovely than in the days when Martha Washington's boxwood hedge was imported from England. If the great General could return, he would feel that he had indeed come home.

But Mt. Vernon has not always been ready to receive its master. In the years following Washington's death, the plantation began to deteriorate. The paint peeled off, the porch floors sagged, and the fields lay half neglected. People still made pilgrimages, but they began to wonder if the old house had ever been as glorious as legend would have it.

In the middle part of the nineteenth century, it was the custom for the steam packets of the Potomac to toll their bells and slow down their engines as they passed Mt. Vernon. And it was the custom, too, as the bells tolled, for Negro venders to come on deck crying out that walking sticks could be bought that were made from the trees planted by Washington. Photographers would call out in harsh voices that for a few cents a person could go ashore to have his picture taken by Washington's tomb. America was still adolescent, and she had not altogether learned the beauty of respect for sacred places.

Then one night late in 1853 something happened that was to bring about the restoration of Mt. Vernon and make it forever a shrine for America and for all the world that believed in the democracy of man.

A South Carolina lady, once a member of the Virginia Byrds, but now Mrs. Robert Cunningham, rode down the Potomac one moonlight night. As the bells tolled she saw Mt. Vernon, its shabbiness cloaked in the silvery light. She thought of Washington but her dreams were interrupted by the cries of the venders. It seemed to her that the decaying plantation was a thing of which her country should be ashamed. Even after she reached home the mood persisted. It finally vented itself in a letter to her daughter, Ann Pamela.

Ann Pamela was a sensitive and intelligent young lady who had endured years of ill health and who had hopes of nothing better in the future. When her mother's letter arrived, she was under the care of a Philadelphia physician. Part of the

letter said: "I was painfully distressed at the ruin and desolation of the home of Washington, and the thought passed through my mind: Why was it that the women of his country did not try to keep it in repair, if the men could not do it?"

Why not, wondered Ann Pamela.

She sat down to write a letter that was soon to become famous. It was dated December 2, 1853, and it began: "To the ladies of the South! Can you still stand with closed souls and purses, while the world cries 'Shame' on America?—suffer Mt. Vernon, with all its sacred associations, to become—as it is spoken of, and is probably—the seat of manufactories and manufacturers? * * * Oh, it cannot be possible!" At the end she signed "A Southern Matron."

The letter caused much talk in South Carolina and brought three hundred dollars from the neighboring women. However, $200,000 were needed to purchase Mt. Vernon from John Washington. Ann Pamela wrote more letters, and more southern ladies sent money. Up in Boston, Edward Everett began talking about the southern ladies and the New England ladies saw no reason why they should not help. It was not long before all the states were joining the Mt. Vernon Ladies Association.

It is a long story—this one of Ann Pamela and how she purchased Mt. Vernon—and most of it must be slighted in this retelling. While the money was being raised there came a "depression" said by history to have been darker and longer (to the present date) than our own. At first John Washington was loath to sell to the Association, and there was opposition from many factions. Ann Pamela was ill and sometimes wrote her appeals while she was strapped to a couch. But in 1858 Mt. Vernon was bought. It belonged to all the people of the United States, not to one state alone as many Virginians had long hoped.

Yet the purchase was but one step. Mt. Vernon must be restored. Before the work was fairly started the Civil War was on. Years passed and there was very little money for Ann Pamela and her ladies. When she could do no better, she lived at Mt. Vernon, supervising the Negro laborers from her couch. Time passed and wealth and wealthy women came into the Association. Each state took over some task of restoration. Gifts poured in . Pictures, mirrors, tables, and clocks that had belonged to Washington were returned. There was even a gift from a king of France who had gone before the guillotine. It was a beautiful rug that Washington had never seen.

In 1875 Ann Pamela Cunningham died—died before she could write the record of her achievement. But the work went on. Mrs. Hearst of California built a wall to protect the land from the inroads of the Potomac. Thomas Edison helped plan the lighting system. One of the most efficient fire prevention systems in the world was installed and parts of it so skillfully hidden among the shrubs and flowers a fire chief of a great city could not see it and wrote an indignant letter about allowing Mt. Vernon to be subjected to fire.

Colonel Harrison Dodge came to live at Mt. Vernon as a resident superintendent in 1885. Ever since that time he has used the utmost care in preserving the beautiful home and aiding in its restoration. Not so long ago he was standing in the General's room with its low ceilings and its great four-posted

bed. He looked at the rough plastered walls. It seemed strange to him that Washington, who had worn a blue coat lined with red satin, a white satin waistcoat, and gold buckles at his wedding and who had placed much stress on the dignities and formalities of life, should be content to sleep in a room with these plastered walls. The Colonel tapped the wall. A piece of plaster fell down, and he found the remains of paper. The color was gone and the pattern was dim, but there remained enough for the Colonel to see that it was a landscape design—pond, house, and sunset.

Then began a search. He wrote letters to every one in America and in foreign countries whom he thought could help him. His appeal was broadcast from movie houses. Just as he was beginning to despair, he visited in Baltimore and told his story. An old lady listened. "Just a minute," she said, and disappeared. When she came back she carried a portfolio. "I have the paper you want," she told the astounded man.

She had visited Mt. Vernon with her parents when she was a small girl. The ill-kept place repelled her; it was hard for her to realize that the Washington of her stories had lived in such a home. She wandered away from her parents, and an old negro servant asked her if she would like something that had belonged to the "big General." He gave her a piece of wall paper, and it lay in her portfolio all these years.

With that clue Colonel Dodge was able to locate a Buffalo paper manufacturer who knew of an old New England house that had a room covered with almost the identical paper. The Colonel visited the house and found that the paper was blue in color. And so Washington's bedroom was covered in time for the 1932 celebration.

Colonel Dodge has lived at Mt. Vernon so long that he has become part of the place. Now and then he says, General Washington comes back, dressed in his old brown suit that he used to wear about the farm. The General, like the great realist history credits him with being, wants to know how things are getting along. And Colonel Dodge answers for the Mt. Vernon Ladies Association and for the American people that everything is as it should be at Mt. Vernon.

Memories

By Christie Lund

Will there always be sad memories, like these,
White, wistful memories that come with spring,
As gentle as the first damp April breeze,
And poignant with the pain lost rapture brings?

Will there always be this picture 'gainst my eyes,
Of just the way winds mussed your tawny hair?
Will I always see the blueness of the skies
Caught in your eyes—as you stood smiling there?

Will there always be sad memories like these
When spring romps in, forgetful of old pain?
Or will I know, like spring, rebirth of peace,
And cease to yearn for other springs in vain?

Eve, Mother of the Race

By the late Willard Done

IN the Biblical account of creation, the setting for the origin of the human family and the events immediately following was the Garden of Eden, with its beauty and charm and peace and holiness. It was as if God had placed environments for the Man destined to be the progenitor of the race, akin to those enjoyed by the angels in heaven, so that the relationship of mankind to God would be the first and strongest impression made on the mind of primal man. To be created expressly in the image of God, to be placed in immediate communication with Him, and to enjoy surroundings of heavenly character and be possessed of the innocence and purity of celestial beings, was the rich heritage that God bestowed at once on the first man, Adam. With this heritage was man formed out of the dust of the earth; and into his nostrils God breathed the breath of life, and he became a living soul with dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and every creeping thing.

This was the crowning act of creation, for which all previous labor had been preparatory. For there would have been no object in the creation of the earth and all the beautiful things it contains, and its marvelous variety of plant and animal life, unless it had been followed by the placing of the children of God on the earth, to live their lives, endure their trials, achieve their triumphs, and gain the salvation of the Lord. The crowning act of the sixth day fully justified the previous works of creation. Furthermore, like all the other works of God it was declared to be good—fit and pleasing in Jehovah's eyes—not yet contaminated with the evil later to be visited upon the earth.

TO Eve, "the mother of all living," was entrusted the great mission of founding the human family and peopling the earth with the sons and daughters of God. She set for all her daughters the true standard of wifely and motherly love and devotion. The profound truth, "It is not good for man to be alone," supplemented by Paul's declaration, "Neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord," is full warrant and reason for woman and her wonderful mission as companion, wife, mother. Therefore, the Lord said, "I will make an help meet for him."

THE account of the creation of Eve and her loving greeting by Adam is suggestive of the holiness and perpetuity of the marital union. Adam was living in primal security and innocence in the Garden of Eden when the promised companion was given him. One writer has well said that Eve was not taken from Adam's head, in token of authority over him, nor from his foot, in symbol of subserviency to him, but from his side, in witness of mutual equality and love. When she was brought to him and he "hung over her enamored," he said, "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. * * * Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh."

To treat fully the life and character of Eve, the first to undertake the great adventure of wifehood and motherhood, or to analyze the motives that led her steps into the untried and unproved domain of woman's sphere and mission, is perhaps beyond the scope of this review or of any man's judgment. It is enough to know that what she did has been made to fit into God's great plan for the perpetuation and ultimate redemption of the race. If she was led by woman's impulsive and adventurous spirit to be the first to contravene one of the express commands given of God, it was but the manifestation of the characteristic that has caused woman in all ages of the world to do and dare and hazard and suffer more than man, for the creation and protection of human life. If punishment for the act was deserved, it was fully accomplished in the sorrow and suffering and sin and death it entailed.

Yet it was promised her forthwith that full atonement for the transgression would be made through her own seed, who in God's due time would "bruise the serpent's head." And at the same time a means was provided and definitely promised, whereby Adam and Eve and their children could pay the individual penalty of the breach of law, the man through his work in overcoming adverse conditions, with resultant strength and triumph, and the woman through the sorrows and sufferings and incomparable glory and joy of child-birth. For it is out of toil and endurance and suffering that reward and glory must always come.

There has been a deal of comment, both serious and flippant, on the fall of man and the mental attitude of Adam and Eve when confronted with their sin. The reason for any doubtful or adverse comment does not appear. Both were perfectly frank and direct in their explanation of the incident. Nor does the derision sometimes affected by scoffers at Adam's explanation of his action, seem at all justified. He told the simple truth. "The woman thou gavest to me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat," was his direct statement. There was no excusing himself or throwing blame on Eve. As Paul clearly says, "Adam was not deceived." He evidently knew the nature of his act and its consequences. But he was willing to be "in the transgression," although not deceived, in order that he might remain with Eve and they together fulfill the great commandment, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth." If Eve by her transgression had forfeited Eden, Adam was willing to make the same sacrifice in token that their union was inviolate. God had joined them together for a holy purpose, and nothing must be permitted to put them asunder.

Eve was equally frank. The serpent had beguiled her into taking the forbidden fruit. She offered no further excuse—attempted no extenuation. She had yielded to temptation, and she made no attempt to evade the fact or its consequences. She accepted the pronouncement of her punishment, and with her husband went out of Eden to take up the tasks and overcome the difficulties of the outer world. Both knew something of the nature of these tasks. The earth had been cursed for their sakes. Thorns and thistles should it bring forth, and in the sweat of the face they were to eat bread till their bodies should be called back to the dust from whence they had been taken. Pain and sor-

row and sin and strife were to take the place of peace and innocence. From these tasks they did not shrink. They had a mission, to subdue the earth and to gain experience and the strength it yields; and to that mission they bent their energies.

The first family was founded and the first real home established when Eve exclaimed in triumph at the birth of Cain, "I have gotten a man from the Lord!" For the first time in the world the miracle of human birth had been experienced; and Eve was the first to know all the pain and sorrow and joy and triumph it entailed. A soul as immortal as their own they had brought into the world, as an earnest of the countless generations that were to follow, for the glory of God and the salvation of His children. The first mother had looked with joy on her first born. The crowning triumph of her life had come, worth the sacrifice even of such a place as Eden.

As Eve was the first to know the experience of human birth, so she was the first mother to endure the sorrow of death, and that in its most terrible form, the murder of one of her sons by the other. It seems to have been her lot to sound all the depths and reach all the heights of woman's experience, as if she had been destined to be an exemplar to her descendants by passing through all the joys, sorrows, glories, and humiliations that woman can know. Into her life were crowded the events which fulfilled the pronouncement following the fall. Everything there stated became a part of her experience, as it was to be a part of the lives of her daughters. Nothing could have been more grief-impelling than to know of the fratricidal deed of her first born. To lose her first two sons, one by violent death and the other by the punishment of exile, was to sound the lowest depths of grief and humiliation. It is difficult to conceive of a greater sorrow. In her endurance of this bitterness, Eve proved herself again the heroine we have always thought her to be. And as so often happens in our griefs, the great loss was made up to her. Another son, Seth, was given her to fill, in part, the places left vacant by the murder of Abel and the exile of Cain.

And so Eve fought her fight and filled her place as the first wife and mother. Where and at what age she died the record does not state. But this very silence seems to throw around her later life the sanctity of mystery. To have been the first woman, realizing in her long and eventful life all the experiences of womanhood and earning all its rewards, was to accomplish in its fulness the mission of her sex. No greater appreciation of Eve or higher praise for her work can be given. In reverence we hold her memory as fit companion for her husband, a help meet for him, and the eternal mother of the race.

And if things earthly are typical of things heavenly, and if, as John says, "When He (the Lord) shall appear we shall be like Him," it is not too much to think that in the regeneration when all things and all persons are restored to their proper status, Eve shall stand with her husband, Adam, throughout eternity, as queen and priestess over the countless millions of her race. Herein will be glory and joy and dominion worthy of all ambition, and yet achieved through her willingness to perform in sorrow and suffering the mission assigned to her as "the mother of all living."

Two Poets of State Street

By Annie Wells Cannon

EVERY town has a State Street just as it has a "Main Street" only the former is usually a highway through the county and plays a second part in business and improvements, intermingling utility shops and small stores with homes and gardens. So it was in my childhood days though now the street has stately stores, apartment houses and public buildings.

Interesting indeed were the varied industries and occurrences along that long broad, dusty street, with side walks shaded by cottonwood and black locust trees. In the springtime the perfume of the white flowers of the latter filled the air with fragrance, and the fluffy white ball from the cottonwood floated in the air to the delight of the children and the discomfort of the grown ups.

By the trees along the side-walk's edge flowed a narrow creek of sparkling water, turned from the mountain stream to irrigate the gardens, making of the landscape a rather pretty picture.

About seven every morning, at the sound of a bugle, the garden gates would open, and leisurely walked out the family cow, freshly milked to join the "city herd" which was coming down the street, to be taken for the day to pastures green on the outskirts of the town. At evening time these same quiet, bovine friends slowly wandered back; again the gates were opened and they sought the shelter of the home shed ready to supply fresh milk for the evening meal. The horn of the herder blew at all the intersections giving warning for the gates to open as "the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea." Of this daily scene the children never tired. Then too, they loved to linger on the way from school in the doors of the blacksmith shops, and watch the smith as he worked the great bellows and turned the coals a glowing red or made the sparks fly here and there as with his great arm he struck the melting iron on the anvil, or lifted the foot of the horse or mule to trim its foot in proper shape for the new shoe. Here the children gazed in wonderment, sometimes in fear as an animal might seem unruly or the sparks from the anvil fly a little too near.

In those days there were no paved or graded walks, and along the creeks wild flowers and grasses grew, while here and there were little springy places and moist spots full of crisp green watercress, which sometimes little girls were sent to gather for the supper table.

NEAR one of these low places stood a very pretty home, built of adobes as nearly all the houses were, but this one had a white painted portico and along the narrow walk to the gate on either side were lilac bushes. To the north of the house was a lovely garden inclosed by a board fence, as white as whitewash could make it. In this garden at eventide walked a slim, graceful lady. In the summer time when the bushes were in bloom and the trees were green, she was always dressed in white but as the days grew cooler she wore over her shoulders a scarlet woollen shawl. Near her walked a tall dark man who seemed to watch her every move and anticipate her every thought.

It was the chief delight of two little girls, when sent by their mothers to gather cresses, to creep up to the side of this white fence and through the crevises watch this pair wandering in the garden, or sitting under the trees in converse, or looking over the leaves of a book. This frail, tenderly cared for woman was the poet Sarah E. Carmichael and one of the little girls, the most curious and admiring, was Josephine Spencer who lived a little farther north in another white cottage where lilacs bloomed and locust blossoms blew.

Jote (our nickname for this little friend), was wont to say "Let's wait to get the watercress and watch through the fence. Don't you wish she'd see us and ask us to come in? You know she writes poetry and has printed a book,"—that in Jote's mind was the acme of achievement—to write poetry and print a book.

Who knows but that this adoration for a gifted woman had its bearing on her own later achievements.

"Such a beautiful mind had Sarah E. Carmichael, she needed not to go abroad for inspiration but a child of nature she read from this wonderful book, understanding her secret laws, intuitively knowing even more than nature taught her" so wrote an early friend.

When at eighteen she began sending some of her verses for publication their genuineness was doubted; people wondered that so gifted a writer lived among them yet to them unknown. She became almost idolized among her acquaintances and those to whom she gave the little volume of her collected poems, now out of print, prize it greatly. Early in her young womanhood and when it seemed life held so much promise both of fame and fortune for her, the mind of Sarah E. Carmichael became clouded as by "the sickness of the soul" and long years along the garden paths she strolled as in a dream, seeing neither the beauties of the changing seasons nor sensing the devotions of those who so tenderly guarded and cared for her.

To the world in which once she shone so beautifully she left a few imperishable gems of thought among them "The Stolen Sunbeam" which found a place in Bryant's "Anthology of American Poets," "Faith," "The Wonder Bird" and "Dead Roses" from which we quote these beautiful lines.

Only dead roses, yet who shall restore them
To summer departed and youth that is passed,
Or bring to the sadness of lives that deplore them
A hope that is sweet as the shadow they cast?
Roses—ah, poor blighted roses!—yet sweeter
For trial that left you so faded and changed—
Love passing the grave hath existence completer;
Affections death chartered are never estranged.
I have one changless trust in the changing FOREVER
I have dreamed of an Isle in the ocean called NEVER
Where the souls of the birds and the blossoms shall meet;
I have dreamed of a shore to the soundless DEATH RIVER
Where love proves its moral of NEVER IN VAIN;
Where 'tis not the cross, but the crown of the giver
And the dead roses gather their incense again.

Of her Western homeland she wrote these lovely lines:

Where the day that comes to this land of ours
Finds the brightest gems and the rarest flowers,
Where the ling'ring day when it must depart,
Leaves the last red pulse of a broken heart.

It is sweet to cherish the thought that the poetic spirit of Sarah E. Carmichael found a perfect setting in the heavenly circle of congenial souls.

TO those who knew this later poet —Josephine Spencer—intimately she always seemed a dreamer. From early childhood when through the cracks of the white board fence she watched another poet, she lived in a realm of fantasy. Whether walking with little friends on the hills or doing the homely household tasks at home, around her there always seemed to hover an atmosphere of imagery. Her fruitful mind would conjure plays for the entertainment of her playmates which had they been written would rank well with the cinema or radio plays of today . It seemed almost as though all through her life Josephine Spencer retained the imaginative period of childhood. That she acquired the business habit and regular routine of newspaper work was something of a marvel to those who knew her best for her soul had flights of fancy which only found expression in poetic phrase. Her stories like her poems are full of fanciful figures; where others saw plain facts and barren places she saw loveliness and beauty. An old street uneven and irregular where cows as well as man left footprints in the moist ground she clothed in such tender verse that others saw its beauty too. This poem she called Green Street. Most vivid is the picture as one reads the lines:

Of the ways I wandered o'er,
In enchanted days of yore—
I love best a verdant street,
Traversed by my childish feet.

It was long and straight and wide,
Grass grown thick on either side
Of a road that ran between—
Thin grey rill through shores of green.

On one side a low stone wall
O'er whose rim the rise and fall
Of the wheat fields tidal flow,
Shimmered in the summer's glow.

I have trod it oft at dawn,
When along its way were drawn—
At my fancy's beckonings,
Cavalcades of queens and kings;

Princes proud and barons bold,
With a blaze of green and gold—
Came in pomp and princely state,
All to make my day elate.

* * * * * *

But no longer in the dawn,
Princely retinues are drawn,
And no rush of fairy feet,
Fill the spaces of the street.

Passed the quaint and quiet life,
Blotted out in noise and strife;—
And the romance of its time,
Shut in these blind walls of rhyme.

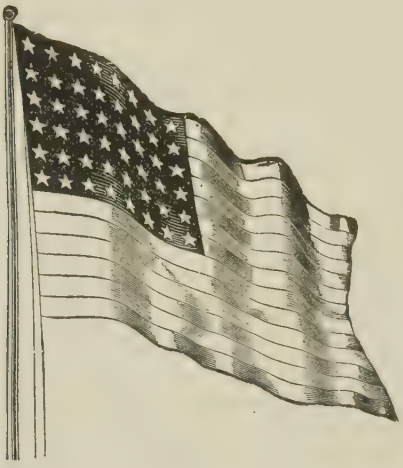
The publication of this poem drew from the pen of a sister poet, Sarah E. Russell, a very lovely reply, two verses of which read thus:

I have read your "Green Street" o'er and o'er,
And backward turn time's page once more
To follow with you, while you trace,
Each well known spot in that dear place.

On the green grass by the broken wall,
By the deep pond where the moonbeams fall.
Where oft we sat to tell of homes and fears;
Of joys and sorrows in those bygone years.

I see the little one dark-eyed and shy,
Timid and silent still, where strangers sigh.
"Josie," we called her, now we read her name,
High among those of poetic fame.

She, too, long since gone to join the circle of immortals, has left rich gifts behind. Perhaps now she converses with this idol of her childhood dreams, and others too, who "wrote poetry and printed books."



The Silent Message

By Grace Jacobsen

See, in the distance yonder
Signalling to all the world
The flag of a nation's birthright
Is now from its heights unfurled.

Bars of white and crimson
Bear in their glorious fold,
Courage of patriots' life blood
Pure as the dream we hold.

Blue is the field of honor
True as the heaven above;
Hope of Columbia's future,
Flag that our nation loves.

Keziah Jane Butler Redd

By Ellen R. Bryner

THE subduing of this great western desert and the building of the mighty commonwealth we now enjoy was not man's work alone. Women, self-sacrificing, courageous women played their part in the accomplishment of that tremendous task. One of those who served willingly and with fortitude and courage was the subject of this sketch.

Descending from hardy pioneer stock on both her father's and mother's lines she inherited tendencies which produced strength of character—the power of endurance, the spirit of industry and thrift, and an ambition to do worthwhile things. Added to these there was in her makeup a deeply religious spirit and an unusually studious nature.

Keziah Jane was the third of eleven children born to John Lowe Butler and Caroline Skeen. The Butlers and Skeens were early settlers in Kentucky and Tennessee. They were hardworking and enduring people. Conditions in those frontier states at the close of the Revolutionary War demanded men and women of strength and courage to overcome the difficulties of the unsubdued wilderness.

A story is told of Keziah's father which was a test of his sense of right. It was his wedding day and, as a gift, Jesse Skeen, the father of the bride, presented them with two slaves. The young husband graciously accepted the gift and the same day gave both their freedom. Tradition says that the Butler family back from John Lowe never held slaves though they lived for generations in slave states.

When the gospel was introduced into their vicinity these two stalwart young people listened and understood its message. On the ninth day of March, 1835, they were baptized and confirmed members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Their hearts rejoiced in their new found faith, but here, as in other parts of the world, the Power of Evil recognized God's work and struck with tremendous force to uproot and destroy it. For more than a year they suffered bitter persecution. This was hurled against them not only by ministers, neighbors, and friends, but also by some of their own family. Jesse Skeen, the wife's father, was bitterly opposed to Mormonism and used his influence to stir up opposition against them.

During that year of sore trial Keziah Jane was born on the twenty-fifth day of February, 1836. When she was but one month old her parents with their little family left Kentucky and joined the body of the Church in Missouri. From March, 1836, until March, 1839, they shared the plunderings and drivings which finally resulted in the extermination of the Mormon people from that state.

They helped to build the beautiful city of Nauvoo, sharing the mammoth struggle against poverty and sickness. Later they rejoiced in the period of prosperity which came as a result of the industry of the people and the direct blessing of the Lord upon that once unhealthful spot.

Keziah's father was an initial member of the Nauvoo Legion and also one of the twelve men selected as aid-de-camp to assist and guard the Lieutenant-general, Joseph Smith. As such he accompanied the Prophet on that last fateful trip to Carthage. He wrote in his journal, "We begged that we might stay with him and die with him if necessary." With his blessing upon them the Prophet insisted that they return to their families. He wrote, "We went to our homes like so many sheep that had lost their shepherd."

Sometime in the early spring of 1846, the Butler family with many others crossed the Mississippi and began their westward journey across the State of Iowa. For about six years they remained in temporary homes at and near Winter Quarters. The father with his teams and wagons assisted many of the poorer families to make the journey that far. When the earlier companies left Winter Quarters to go on to the Rocky Mountains this family was not sufficiently equipped for so long a journey. The father worked at his trade as blacksmith and wheelwright to provide for his large family and make his own outfits ready to continue their journey later to the valley of the great Salt Lake.

In the spring of 1852 their trek westward began. There were fifty-one families in the company with Eli B. Kelsey as captain. John Lowe Butler was appointed blacksmith for the company and also captain of the wagons. They arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of the same year. Keziah, then a girl of fifteen years, had walked the entire distance. Fortunate was she and other members of the family, through the kindness of an old Indian woman, to enjoy a pair of strong buckskin moccasins to begin the long journey. She loved to portray to her children in later years the little incidents she had carried in her memory of that long and tiresome journey—tiresome, though many times full of pleasure to the children of the company as they walked in groups, gathering wild flowers and berries. Sometimes there was danger in their path — Indians, buffaloes, snakes, and wild animals. For this reason the children were instructed to stay close to the wagons. Their interest in the things they found one day took a group of them out of sight of the wagons and they were lost. Great consternation arose throughout the company. The train was stopped and a general search was carried on. The lost ones were found and brought safely into camp. She never forgot the terrible fright nor the scolding from the captain which made them wiser to remember instructions.

John Lowe Butler was prominent in founding the town of Spanish Fork. He was called by President Young to survey the land, lay off blocks and city lots and bring the water from the river to the settlement. These added responsibilities made it necessary for his older children to give their strength and energy to assist in sustaining the helpless ones. Unselfishly this young girl picked up her tasks, displaying patience and interest in the work at hand, so characteristic of her later life. Her school days were limited but her heart was receiving a development in preparation for the mission in life awaiting her.

One of the pioneering companies had brought the family of John Hardison Redd. Lemuel Hardison, a boy of fourteen had driven an ox team across the plains. They settled first in Provo where he attended school the first winter. The family

later moved to Spanish Fork where they became prominent helpers in the building up of that place. Lemuel Hardison and Keziah were attracted to each other. A happy courtship followed. With renewed happy energy she continued to assist her family and also reserve a little in preparation for the coming happy event. On the second day of January, 1856, they were married at Spanish Fork. They were sealed in the Endowment House at Salt Lake City on the sixteenth day of February, 1858.

In the early spring following their marriage they were called, with others, by President Young to go as missionaries and colonizers to establish a settlement at Las Vegas in the southern part of Nevada. The purpose of the mission was to open up the lead mines of that vicinity to supply the Territory with lead. They helped build the fort at that place and passed through some very trying experiences. The project was abandoned and the company returned in the autumn of the same year.

In response to a call from President Young to colonize and help build the southern part of the state of Utah, they left Spanish Fork in the fall of 1862 with their four children. They settled in the little town of New Harmony, situated about twenty miles north of the Black Ridge on the head waters of Ash Creek.

With all that any pioneer woman of the West accomplished in the building up of this great state, this woman's efforts and sacrifices will measure full. With her needle she fashioned clothing for her family from the home-spun made by her own hands. She carded and spun the yarn with which she knitted stockings and mittens to meet their needs. Later she became an expert glove-maker. Hundreds of pairs she made to order and sold to assist in meeting the expense of her home. For many years her home was almost independent in itself, with a capable manager to utilize every product for the blessing and comfort of its inmates. Handmade candles, homemade soap, homecured meats, dried and preserved fruits, honey, cheese, butter, quilts, rugs, and carpets she learned by her industry and economy to prepare and utilize that her family might be provided for.

She was the mother of thirteen children—six sons and seven daughters. Two died in childhood. She was an example of patience and fidelity to her family.

She was faithful not only to her home but the community and especially the church organizations felt the benefit of her influence and work. From the time that the Relief Societies were first organized in the stakes until her death she served as first counselor in that organization. Under her direction and designing the Society made many beautiful drawn rugs to assist in financing the organization.

Frontier life with its hard work and denials of education and culture was her portion throughout the years that she lived, and yet she was not uneducated. Hardships and sacrifice when met without complaint lend to the soul a something that is richer and finer than anything obtained from university or college courses. There was something deep and fine in her nature that spoke for culture in its truest sense. As her nature led her to create beautiful and useful things with her hands so also were her mental powers alert in a search for knowledge. The study of the Scriptures was a part of her life. She

was as interested as a university student in some subjects of deeper nature. She loved to read church history and place herself and family in the parts they helped to play in the great drama enacted by the people of the Lord as they sought refuge from their enemies in the various periods of their early career.

She died on the fifteenth day of May, 1895, at the age of fifty-nine years. Her life, though short, was long in experiences and accomplishments.

She was the mother of two bishops, two stake presidents, one legislator, and nine school teachers. All of her children have been and are untiring ward and stake workers in the various organizations. Three of her children filled foreign missions for the Church and twenty-three grand children have accepted calls and returned with honorable releases. Her life's example and influence have made her children true Latter-day Saints. What greater reward could come to any pioneer mother?

A Desert Conquest

By Ethel Melville Sorensen

EMILY JENSEN appeared in the doorway of the small log cabin and anxiously peered down the rough wagon road that led to the settlement. Seeing nothing she walked over to the top of a nearby knoll where she might obtain a better view and stood with her hand shading her eyes from the late afternoon sun. But there was nothing on the road.

She could clearly make out the cabins of the barren little village a couple of miles farther down the valley, for there were no trees in this desert country. Only a year ago it had been the haunt of buffalo and coyotes. Beyond the village lay the lake. The banks of the streams which wound their way from the canyons to the lake, were bordered with scraggly willows and oak brush which was already unfolding in the warm spring sunshine.

To the south were the newly ploughed fields where a few weeks previously the colonizers had hopefully planted their meager supply of seeds and grain—seeds they had brought with them in their westward trek across the plains and had cherished through the long winter.

The hopes of the settlers now lay entirely in the promise of spring and the coming of the new crop. For their supply of provisions was so low that they were living in part on wild game and the roots of sego lilies growing on the foothills. The hardships of the past winter would have been unendurable to a people of less faith.

Little two year old Danny toddled from the cabin and stood holding to his mother's skirts.

"I wonder where Daddy and Joe are," she said picking him up in her arms.

"I can't understand it. Will never fails to come home at noon. I wouldn't be so worried if he hadn't taken Joe with him."

She wondered if either could have been hurt. She recalled having seen several Indians at the fort the day before but they had seemed friendly.

She deliberately dismissed the alarming imaginations from her

mind and with a loving squeeze put Danny on the ground and slowly turned toward the cabin. Picking up two or three pieces of firewood, she disappeared inside.

It had taken immeasurable courage for Emily to leave her people and her home in Iowa, all that had been dear to her, and journey to an unsettled country. But Will, full of hope and courage, had wanted to be among the first to open up the new country, to establish a home for his sons where men were free to worship God as they desired, to shape their lives as they willed. The struggle to conquer the desert thrilled him.

There were only two things that gave Emily the courage to undertake the perilous journey westward, her faith in God and her love for Will. As long as she had these she could go anyplace, do anything.

So they had loaded their possessions into the canvas covered wagon and joined a company of emigrants at Salt Creek. There were fourteen wagons in the company, fifty people united in common faith, all traveling to the same destination. Emily became especially fond of dark eyed Anna Martin who was journeying with her young husband and his aged mother, and whose ready smile and bright remarks so often cheered them when things were going wrong.

After twelve weeks traveling in the heat and dust, wind and rain, fording streams, crossing plains, and climbing mountains, they finally reached their journey's end. Immediately Will, with the help of John Martin had put up a one room log cabin with mud-filled chinks and a dirt roof, where both families had lived until early spring when Will had helped build the Martin's cabin nearer the settlement. But they had been comfortable through the winter compared with many who were living in their wagons until spring. It had been a trying winter, but with the first warm days Emily had been busy helping the Martins move and getting her own place in order.

IT was about an hour later when Emily heard the clattering of a wagon on the road and ran to the door. She recognized Will driving a galloping team toward the cabin. Her heart pounded in alarm as she rushed out to meet him.

"Where's Joe?" she cried as Will jumped down.

"He's all right. I left him at Martins." he answered as he secured the team to a hitching post. "Take Danny and get in the wagon. We need you to help at the field. Hurry, we've no time to loose." Running to a shed he came out with a pick and shovel.

Without further questioning Emily picked up the baby and climbed on the wagon. Will started the horses down the rough road on the run. Above the rattle of the bouncing wagon he explained.

"The fields nearest the Cottonwood stream are covered with crickets and they are eating the grain that has sprouted. They started coming down this morning and are spreading out over everything. Nearly everyone is out there now. They're digging ditches around the grain and are going to turn water in. We've got to keep any more from getting on. You can leave Danny with Grandma Martin."

At the village Emily ran in Martins leaving the baby and in a flash was back on the wagon racing down the street toward the grain fields. Ahead she saw groups of people with brooms, shovels and sticks,

frantically beating at the black insects.

Reining in the horses Will sprang from the wagon and without a word grabbed a pick and joined other men in digging a trench.

Down from the mountain sides millions of black crickets came hopping, swarming in every direction. She shuddered as the insects hopped on her skirts and clung there. Furiously she brushed them off, then seizing a spade she beat on the ground, hitting right and left at the squirming mass. These demons were not going to ruin everything she and Will had worked for during the past year, their food, their home, their future, their faith, their very lives, not while she could raise a hand.

She continued pounding the earth and in a short while hundreds were killed. Still the devouring insects came on. It seemed to Emily she was vainly beating at the sea and with each recurring stroke another black wave rolled in, was beaten back, and rolled in again. The task seemed hopeless.

Frantically the men dug. Spadeful after spadeful of earth flew from their shovels. Perspiration was running down their faces. They were digging, digging for their very lives, and the lives of those hundreds of emigrants between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains who were coming here to make their homes.

By dusk the trench extended practically the full length of the area that had been infested. As soon as the water was turned in it was covered with squirming crickets that were drowned.

"That's about all we can do tonight," called John Martin. "Maybe this will keep any more from getting over and in the morning we can go after those that are already on the fields."

"Oh, Anna," Emily exclaimed as they gathered up their implements, "what ever will become of us?"

"I wouldn't worry now. I think this wide ditch will keep them out and the rest of the grain will be safe anyway."

"I hope so, but I'll come back in the morning and leave the children with Mother Martin again if I may."

"Oh, do," replied Anna. "She worries so because she can't come out and help, and caring for the children consoles her some. I'm sure we can get rid of most of the pests tomorrow."

The next morning they were up before sunrise and on their way to the scene. But the crickets were even thicker than the day before. All day long the men worked digging more trenches, and the women, the boys, and the girls drove swarms of the devouring pests into the water where they were drowned. But still conditions grew worse.

At sundown the men laboriously gathered up their tools while a weary group of disheartened women collected for a few moments before going home. Dejectedly they surveyed the ravaged surroundings.

"I can't see that we've done a bit of good yet," scolded prim Mrs. Lawrence. "And one of those miserable crickets has eaten a hole right in my skirt, and goodness knows when I'll ever get another one. Henry's sister promised to bring me one out with her this fall but it looks as if I'll need one before then, and I know nobody around here's got an extra one."

"I should say not," replied Emily. "You're lucky to have such a good one. My pretty green woolen skirt was ruined when we crossed the

river and the water came up into the wagon. It shrank so I never could wear it again. However, it did make a nice suit for Danny. But it's food we need to worry about now, not clothes."

"Well, if I must starve to death," continued Mrs. Lawrence, "I would like to have something decent to be buried in."

"Well, if you die before Mr. Lawrence's sister gets here with the new skirt I will see that you are buried in something pretty," promised Anna Martin.

Slowly Emily climbed onto the wagon. "I don't think we can ever in the world drown all these crickets."

"No, replied Will soberly, "there are too many now to do that. We'll have to try something else tomorrow."

The following day they tried scattering reeds over the fields and setting fire to them, and though thousands of the crickets were burned there were millions left, and the same efforts to exterminate the devastating pests also ruined the growing grain.

Emily lay awake far into the night thinking. Was it in vain they had left their family and homes and come west? Had they brought Danny and Joe out here in the desert to starve? They had come for the avowed purpose of worshiping their God according to His will. How could He desert them now? She said nothing to Will for she did not want to add to his worries, but her heart went out in prayer for deliverance from this terrible plague. All through the night she had horrifying dreams of crickets infesting their little home and devouring them all.

The next day was no better. The destructive horde spread in black legions over the neighboring fields. A messenger was sent to tell the nearest emigrants of the predicament and ask them to use their food sparingly.

All that evening Will sat before the open fireplace with his head in his hands, saying nothing. It was the first time Emily had seen him give up. She tried to think of something to console him. But what could you do? You could not fight them, you could not kill them. They were like an army with unnatural power, against which human effort had no effect.

For the next two days conditions were the same. The sixth day was Sunday and had been set aside as a day of fasting and prayer, for only God could save them from starvation now. Emily and Will took the boys to the meeting and there with their neighbors they unitedly offered prayers for their deliverance.

Their leader was a powerful man of great faith. He recalled to their minds the time their lives had been spared during a prairie fire in Nebraska, when Indians had attacked their camp, and again when many had been stricken with fever in the mountains, and he admonished them to have faith now. Emily took comfort from his words and her heart was filled with gratitude to the God who had spared their lives in the journey over the plains. He would not let them perish now.

Following the meeting people stood around in serious little groups discussing the situation. The ground looked as if it had been scorched. There was less than half a crop left and another day of this wanton destruction and all would be lost. The hopping black horde continued devouring the leaves of the gardens, the sprouts in the fields, the dreams and hopes of the pioneers, and there

was nothing they could do. A few people returned to their homes.

Later, while those remaining were helplessly looking on, a great cloud appeared in the western sky. Rapidly it grew in size as it drew nearer. Emily took the children and sought out Will in preparation for returning home before the storm should break.

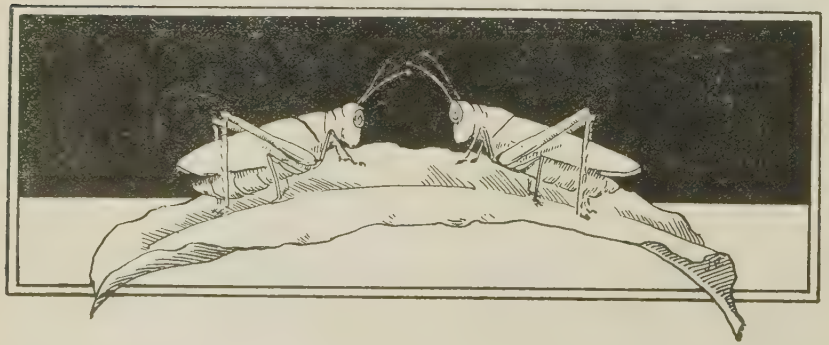
Then suddenly everyone knew that it was not a storm for there was a strange noise with it, and immediately the sky was covered with flocks of white gulls, filling the air with their hungry cries. Winging their way overhead they settled down on the half ruined fields.

A new fear clutched at Emily's heart. Here was another enemy come to complete the destruction of the growing grain. Her fear turned to resentment. She clenched her fists. How could one have faith in a God who permitted such ravagings. She turned her back. Better they had given up their religion and remained in Iowa than come out here to die of starvation.

Suddenly a wild joyous cry from the assembled on-lookers interrupted her rebellious thoughts. Turning, she was astonished. The sea gulls had pounced upon the crickets and were devouring them. These hungry birds had come not to eat the grain but to prey upon the destroyers. They gorged themselves. The people gazed on in amazement. Filled with such fast and hearty eating many disgorged and feasted again. Slowly but surely the crickets were disappearing. Emily silently bowed her head in shame and regret for having doubted.

All day long the strange performance continued, the white birds contending with the black crickets, while everyone in the valley came out to watch and to rejoice. By dusk the conquest had been won. The pests had been miraculously exterminated and in the evening the sea gulls slowly flew back to their island home.

It was with tears in her eyes that Emily stood, her hand in Will's, watching the flight of the white winged deliverers, while the wonderment in the upturned faces of Danny and Joe evidenced the faith of a future generation.



Agnes Macphail

By Frank Steele

A POWERFUL and deep-seated ambition to serve humanity carried a little Ontario country girl to the Canadian House of Commons. This Ontario country girl was Agnes Campbell Macphail, the first and only woman member of the House of Commons in the dominion. If her sister member of parliament in Great Britain, Lady Astor, brilliant and popular, represents the aristocracy, Agnes Macphail represents the struggling masses, particularly the farmers and farm women who back in the memorable general election of 1921 sent her to parliament by a majority of 2591.

As a child her soul was kindled by the reading of a cheap, thumb-worn copy of Bolton's "Lives of Famous Women." She dreamed then of accomplishing great things. Seated one day in front of the fireplace in the tiny farm home with her two sisters and her mother, Agnes cried: "Some day I am going to Europe." Her mother who knew what it was to be poor smiled and replied: "Agnes dear, you are crazy. You'll never have that much money." Confidently, the child answered, "Yes I will. Some day I am going to Europe." That dream of youth has come true for not only did she visit England and the continent, including Geneva, home of the League of Nations, but she was feted by both nobility and commoners, for Agnes Macphail went abroad as a member of parliament and internationally-known exponent of peace and women's rights.

Miss Macphail was educated in the public schools of her home county and went on to high school and normal college. She made school teaching her first vehicle of service like many other leaders in the realm of women. She taught both in eastern and western Canada and being a close observer and student of economics and human welfare problems accumulated a rich background for her great moment when in the early fall of 1921 she was nominated by the United Farmers of Ontario for the House of Commons winning an overwhelming victory at the polls in December.

At first the woman parliamentarian was nervous when she rose to address the House. Today she is one of the wittiest and most forceful debaters in the House and invariably fills the galleries. She has strong views on public questions and is fearless in expressing them. She represents a farming constituency, was elected by the farmers and believes that the farmers as a class should be represented directly in legislative bodies. Miss Macphail despises party government — she holds that every measure should be debated upon its merits and the members should be free to record their votes according to their judgment. She denounces the party system of government, favoring a co-operative system and ridicules the idea of members having to jump at the crack of the party whip or be ruled out of their group.

Some years ago an effort was made in parliament to revert to the old practice of conferring titles, a practice abandoned in response to a general wish from the Canadian people. Miss Macphail's position was early made clear. She was against the granting of titles but

added, "if we are to grant titles, let us grant them to the farmers and laboring class of this country, who make less than a thousand dollars a year." Continuing, she said: "Take the famous instance of Lord Beaverbrook, a Canadian, who became rich by making cement so dear that they have to use board sidewalks in Western Canada, so he was given a title."

THE attempt to restore titles failed and one of the chief reasons for its failure was the vigorous opposition of Agnes Macphail and the other members of the progressive wing in the House, a group who have a value far beyond their numerical strength. They tackle problems and father reforms that the old line parties would be afraid to sponsor, afraid because it might imperil their continuance in office or, as the case might be, their securing of office. In this attitude the old parties are not unlike literary patrons as Dr. Johnson found them. "Is not a patron, my lord," he wrote in his caustic letter to Lord Chesterfield, "one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?"

Thus in the House and up and down the country Agnes Macphail, M. P., speaks out for social justice. She would have a new social order, an order in which co-operation replaces competition both in business and politics. "Women have a long way yet to go before they are emancipated—and the way is hard. * * * The atmosphere in Canada is still dominantly masculine," she said not long ago.

Miss Macphail is a tireless worker, cares little for sports, is unmarried and is a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. There is a fairly large membership of the Reorganized Church in Ontario and the Macphails go back to the early preaching of their faith in Eastern Canada and the establishment of churches there. She still clings to her old home. Her two younger sisters have married and her proud parents, now in the evening of life, cling more and more to Agnes. And Agnes, when the week ends come round, invariably breaks away from her parliamentary duties at Ottawa to be with them "over Sunday." Just an old "down east" custom but it reveals the character of Canada's only woman member of the House of Commons.

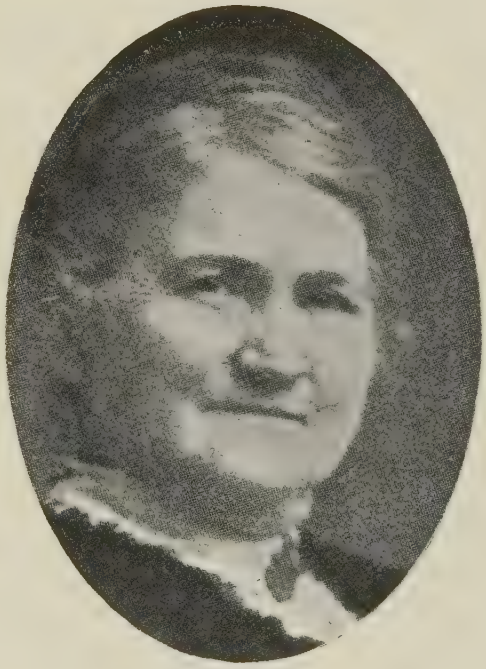
Alice D. Pitt

By Genevieve R. Curtis

ALICE DECKER PITT was the granddaughter of President Brigham Young. Every pioneer daughter has in the album of her heart a picture of that master genius, that pioneer, that revered prophet. Many of his appreciative admirers, however, know but little of his early domestic relations.

On October 8th, 1824, Brigham Young was married to Miriam Works, a refined and most estimable woman. She was kind and affectionate in her home, and faithful to her friends. They lived in Fort Byron, New York, for five years. This was perhaps the calmest time in Brigham Young's life. It was the lull before the storm.

Here he and his wife lived in peace and happiness, each lovingly caring for the wants of the other, and carefully weaving the threads of joy and contentment into the happy little home nest. Here it was that their daughter Elizabeth was born on September 26th, 1825. She brought sunshine, which was made brighter when five years later Vilate came.



ALICE D. PITT

In the spring of 1829 the family moved to Mendon, Monroe County, New York. Heber C. Kimball was at that time living in Mendon, and an intimate friendship existed between the two families. Vilate was named for Brother Kimball's wife.

It was while they lived in Mendon that the Gospel was brought to them. After careful study and prayerful reflection they believed it to be the word of God.

Brigham was baptized April 14, 1832, his wife three weeks later. A new life seemed opened to them, and both soon became much devoted to their religion. They were not permitted to enjoy the new found happiness for long. Miriam's health failed, and on September 8, 1832, she passed quietly away.

After Miriam's death, Brigham and the two little girls made their home with Heber C. Kimball's family. In the winter of 1843, Vilate went to Salem, Mass., to attend

school. In June of 1844, her father came to see her, and while there the news was brought that Joseph Smith, their dearly loved Prophet, had been foully murdered. Vilate never forgot her father's face when the word came to him. She said he looked as if everything that was dear to him on earth, had been taken away.

They returned to Nauvoo at once. In February, 1847, while the Saints were in Winter Quarters, Vilate was married to Charles Franklin Decker, and in July of the same year she crossed the plains in the second company, arriving in the Salt Lake Valley in October, 1847.

The first year after their arrival in the valley they made their home in the old fort with many other Saints. On January 15, 1848, a baby girl was born, bringing joy and comfort to this young and tender mother. Three years later, July 23, 1851, Alice was born.

Her grandfather, Isaac Perry Decker, was born in Holland, November 22, 1800, came to Utah in 1850, and settled on land across the Jordan River, where can now be seen the result of his labors. Her grandmother, Harriet Page Wheeler, was born in New Hampshire, September 7, 1803. She was the eldest of the three women that came with the Utah pioneers. She it was who designed and assisted in making the first national flag that ever waved in the Salt Lake Valley.

Alice's father, Charles Franklin Decker, was born in Ontario County, June 21st, 1824. He came in the second company after the pioneers, and with many others was instrumental in making the desert to blossom as the rose.

He started in August, 1851, carrying the U. S. mail, which he did for three years. He was called many times to go back to meet the incoming Saints, and also assisted the handcart companies through the mountains. He crossed the plains fifty-eight times, before the railroad left Omaha to come west.

Alice was exceptionally well and strong—not alone strong in body, but fearless wherein real courage was needed. As a child she would be called in to sit with the sick and help to care for them.

How her eyes would sparkle when she would tell of the winter spent in a dugout on the banks of the Jordan River, with a piece of rag carpet hung for a door. The coyotes would push their noses under the carpet—only seeing the blaze of the fire kept them from intruding.

Early in the spring of 1851, Alice's father built a log room on the corner of Fifth East and South Temple. Later the family moved into a two-room adobe house on the corner of First South and State Street, just opposite the old Salt Lake Theatre.

Later, Alice's father plowed around four hundred acres of ground — only fencing forty-two acres. He built a ten room adobe house, located at Twenty-first East and Twenty-third South. This home was very dear to Alice, she delighted in telling of the happiness during the fourteen years the family made their home there.

An English girl by the name of Hannah Brunyer made her home with the family when she first came to the country, and Alice tells of the Indians coming on one occasion and asking for food. Hannah was nervous and timid. However, she told Alice to take the children into the closet, lock the door and pray, while she handed out the food. This Alice did, and the Indians went away in peace.

Alice and her sisters would pick fruit, dry it, and walk into Salt Lake to sell it. When winter came, the girls would take their turns living in town at the Lion House, and going to school. It was the rule to go down to the parlor for prayers, but for some reason one night the girls had prayers in their bedroom. While the prayer was being said, the stove pipe fell down and soot blew all over the girls. Alice laughed, as was in keeping, with her sunny, happy, jovial nature. A real pious girl was praying. Without hesitating, she said, "Dear Lord, please forgive Alice for interrupting us and us for being interrupted."

One dress a year was the limit in those days. It served for afternoon, evening, and street wear.

Alice was a natural born seamstress. At the early age of fourteen, she was called to help Aunt Zina D. Young make the garments for the Young family. At this time all clothing was made by hand. Alice went out sewing for fifty cents a day. She could cut any article without a pattern.

Because of her ability and artistic nature, she was placed as costumer at the Salt Lake Theatre. She delighted to relate her experiences at the theatre; her father having furnished the lumber for the building, had a long wooden bench reserved for his family.

Alice had an extremely bright mind and a retentive memory. Due to the full appreciation of education that her grandfather Young had, she gained the privilege of attending the University of Deseret, known now as the U. of U. She was very successful as a school teacher, and greatly loved by her pupils, who were in some instances head and shoulders taller than she.

Alice's principal interests were along educational and helpful enterprises. She was the first lady operator in Utah for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. She introduced and gave instructions to many of the busy mothers in the west.

Alice was charming. She was refined and cultured, ever alert in conversation, a great reader, well versed on the happenings of the day.

The Mormon boys, who were diamonds in the rough, did not appeal to Alice, hence, much against her parents' wishes, she married outside of the Church. Two daughters and a son were born to her. She afterwards was married to Joseph H. Pitt, son of William Pitt, who led the Nauvoo Band.

Joseph and Alice were noted for their hospitality. Their hearts and home were ever open and ready to receive the downcast and lonely one.

At a very hard period in Alice's life, her youngest sister died, leaving a family of five boys, the youngest a babe of three months, which Joseph and Alice reared, educated and loved as their own.

Alice was an earnest church worker. She served as counselor in the Sugar House Ward Relief Society for a number of years, also as a stake board member of the Granite Stake Relief Society. She was an ardent Sunday School missionary, and was counted as one of the best informed workers at the Bureau of Information, on the Temple Grounds, during her fifteen years of faithful service in that capacity.

She was heart and soul in promoting and organizing the camps for the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Being in close touch and connected as she was with many of the early day happenings, she had a keen appreciation of their value and worth.

Alice was a firm believer in the principle that we receive our reward for all we do as we go along, and was appreciative of the fact that she received a just reward in loyalty, love, and devotion from her family. She was a devoted daughter, a kind and loving wife. To her daughters, she was as a haven of joy, and still waters, where the restless barks of her noisy grandchildren could harbor without storm or delay.

Her heart was such that the fatherless, the widow, the friendless, and all who needed solace, could cast anchor in the soundless depths of her love and find peace. Her nearly four-score years of rich and fruitful living, and rare vision of the future, will challenge the many who miss her earthly presence, and who will forever cherish her bright and lovely memory. Her friends and loved ones will remember her for her keen intellect and her power of discrimination, her courage and sense of humor, which were so effective in time of discouragement.

She will be remembered and appreciated most of all for her charming personality, free from envy, jealousy and prejudice and ever abounding in sympathy and love. Her mind and spirit retained their radiance until she entered into her last hours of sleep, which came August 13, 1930, when she passed quietly away.

Washington

"No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery. But there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses, of the world around him. What recommended him for command was simply his weight among his fellow-landowners in Virginia, and the experience of war which he had gained by service in border contests with the French and the Indians, as well as in Braddock's luckless expedition. It was only as the weary fight went on that the colonists discovered, however slowly and imperfectly, the greatness of their leader, his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger or defeat, the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck, the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy, that never through war or peace felt the touch of a meaner ambition, that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow countrymen, and no personal longing save that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured. It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with a reverence which still hushes us in the presence of his memory. But even America hardly recognized his real greatness while he lived. It was only when death set its seal on him that the voice of those whom he had served so long proclaimed him *the man*, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

—Greene In "The History of the English People."

The Sheep Queen of Idaho

Emma Yearian

By Cora Carver Ritchie

SOME people are human dynamos charged to an intensely high-power and naturally recharge all things with which they come in contact. Such a human dynamo is, "The Sheep Queen of Idaho," Mrs. Emma Yearian, the only Representative of Lemhi Co. in Idaho's State capital.

Mrs. Yearian was raised in southern Illinois but had read about the west, and with her husband answered the call of the great and glorious outdoors.

Back in 1887 Mr. Yearian started his cattle ranch in Salmon City, 30 miles from any town. Wagons and horses were the only means of travel. Modern conveniences were not dreamed of. He was successful in a large measure, but Mrs. Yearian felt the cattle game was too slow. The ups and downs of the business is a great chance in any land. Mrs. Yearian's advice and help was noted by the men who worked with Mr. Yearian. One day she heard an eastern buyer say, "It's too bad Mrs. Yearian is a woman; if she were a man and lived in a different environment she'd make her mark in the world." This inspired her to start the business that has earned her the title of "Sheep Queen of Idaho." She is well known not only in her own state but throughout the United States, and even abroad.

She says of that time, "I decided I could run business as well as some men and better than most." She thought of sheep. Lemhi was a cattle country, her husband was a cattle man, prior grazing rights were in full force. She knew all this but the harder the task the more reason to tackle it.

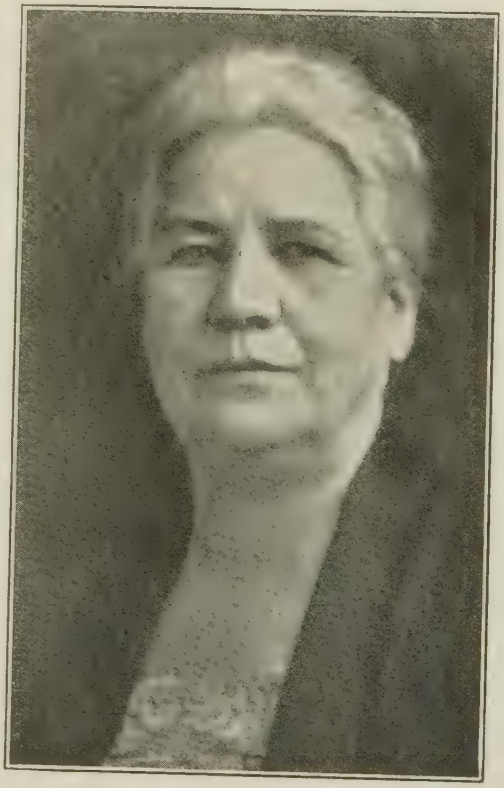
"An uphill business it was those first years," she reminisced. "To get grazing land was the hardest task, mysteriously whole herds were driven off, herders deserted, poor production followed lack of care of ewes and dozens of other drawbacks made it seem almost impossible at times. I certainly have been discouraged, but wouldn't give up for anything. Then, too, it takes vast sums to finance sheep. My husband predicted failure, added to this I knew nothing about sheep."

She bought 12,000 ewe lambs at $2.75 per head in her first deal. She says, "They might fool me on a ewe but not on a lamb." That first year she sheared 6 lbs. of wool per lamb and raised the ewes for breeding purposes. Her increase was good. She was fully launched in the sheep business. She declares today her greatest help has been gained from emulating those who were most successful in the sheep game.

Spite, prejudice, careless herders, drouth, lack of range, added to her losses, yet year by year her business grew. In the beginning of the World War she ran 10,000 head. The government asked the producers to keep all breeding sheep, as a result at the end of the war she had an overstock on her hands. Then came the slump, coupled with a great drouth; many would have given up, but not Mrs. Yearian. She says, "I have slowly but surely been picking up ever since."

"The greatest thrill of my life,"

she says, "came, when at dusk, I stood alone on the platform at the stockyards and watched my first train load of sheep go thundering by to market, and to know they were mine, all mine, and I had done it all myself. There were 5,800 sheep with dogs, herders, wagons, outfits, and all mine! I had won."



EMMA YEARIAN

She has worked 20 years in the sheep business. Undoubtedly one reason for her success is her perseverance. She says, "I went into the sheep business not for fancy breeding stuff or to get a name, but to earn our bread and butter. I find you can't have your cake and eat it too, so the best way is to make up your mind to get the thing you want and stay with it and be willing to do without other more alluring things!"

Mrs. Yearian has done without. Money that would have made life easy, she put into more land. She bought a forest reserve adjacent to her land. She put extra money into more sheep, more outfits, and after years of sacrifice her labors have been rewarded.

She has built one of the most outstanding homes in the country—a huge house of good lines and craftsmanship built to stand for ages, modern in every way, with her own electric light and water system. It is a veritable estate and as far as the eye can see she is really queen of all she surveys.

Her husband acclaims her success and declares sheep are about as good as cattle after all.

She says, "With my sheep money, I have been able to send my six children to the best colleges in the east and west and their education is a pleasure and pride to me."

While some may think she has missed the big things of life, she does not. She smiled as she said, "One thing so fine about my business has been the contact I have had with the men and women of the world who have done the really worth while things in life."

In a recent trip to Europe with the Business and Professional Woman's Club on a good will tour, she was accorded the highest honors. Whereever she went she was besieged by reporters. The leader tried to tell who's who of the group and shouts for the sheep woman of Idaho assailed her. Mrs. Yearian had to tell them about her business. She received notices in Italian, Swiss, Holland, London, Paris and many other foreign papers, as being the outstanding woman in the whole group.

AS Lemhi County's only representative, she has amply filled her place. Naturally cattle and sheep grazing, water and taxation bills are of intense interest to her. She has worked untiringly to help cut down taxation on account of the farmer being burdened with so much overhead.

The House of Representatives listened to Mrs. Yearian's opinion on the Branding and Butcher's Bill. She told of the crimes committed by outlaws changing brands, loading cattle in trucks and having them in the markets before their owners were aware of the theft. She doubled up her hand, brought it down on the bench with a loud crash, saying, "This bill shall pass," and pass it did without a single "Nay."

Her help to the farmer, cattleman and producer all over the west will be felt. Her knowledge comes first hand. Her vision is clear and unbiased, her wisdom sound and her determination steadfast.

She is chairman of the State Library committee and is on the highways, livestock and mining committees.

She is really a royal queen. She naturally commands homage. Her womanhood is her queenship. Her splendid character and clean life and great business success have made the men love and respect her. She says, "In all my dealing with men and hiring hundreds, never have I had one word of disrespect from any one of them, from the foreign basque to the biggest eastern buyer."

Her trust in God points the way to her successful life. "I feel that each one of us has a certain duty to perform—a place to fill—that a Divine Power is guiding us and that just so long as we are willing to be guided and work for the good of mankind, just so long shall we be prospered."

The Word of Wisdom

*By Wilmer Barnett**

THERE is nothing mankind prizes more than good health. For centuries past men and women have been seeking ways and means of keeping themselves well and strong. Moses, one of the oldest known health teachers taught that disease and sickness were the results of one's habits of living. Solomon preached personal hygiene. He understood the relationship between health and diet. He said, "Blessed art thou, O land, when thy king is the son of nobles and thy princes eat in due season, for strength and not for drunkenness." (Eccl. 10:17.)

Paul also had high ideas and ideals of physical health and spiritual living, as is shown in I Cor. 10.31. He says:

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the Glory of God." It was he also that said "What! Know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." (I Cor. 6:19-20.)

Men are still diligently seeking how they can best possess this most cherished of all blessings. So eager are they for the joys that accompany perfect health that those who are deprived of this blessing would gladly give all their worldly possessions in exchange for it. But health is not a thing to be purchased outright. It can only be bought through clean and wholesome living. Many millions of dollars have been spent by those who have neglected their health, in an effort to regain it. They have been looking to medical science to furnish the cures for their ills and physical handicaps, but have not given much time or thought to the living in accordance with the health laws of the greatest scientist—the Creator of this earth.

It was the Lord's intention that mankind should enjoy himself to the utmost while here upon this earth so he revealed to the Prophet, Joseph Smith, the perfect health code known as "The Word of Wisdom." When these health principles were given to the Prophet Joseph Smith ninety-nine years ago, the world at large took little notice of them because of the lack of scientific evidence to support these principles. Today, however, after a century has passed, science has eventually discovered, through careful experimentation and study, that these guiding principles are the essential laws of perfect health.

The world now advances as scientific truth the following health principles as contained in "The Word of Wisdom."

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good. And again strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies."

We are all acquainted with the harmful effects that the use of alcohol and other strong drinks have upon the body of man. We, no doubt, have all seen men who have been under the influence of liquor. They not only lose their power to control their bodies but also let their baser feelings and animal instincts

*16 year old student of the Juab Stake Seminary.

direct their activities and conduct. In this condition, they frequently become a menace to their fellow men and to society in general.

Noted scientists have the following to say concerning the effects of alcoholic beverages upon the human system:

"Alcohol tends to paralyze and pervert the white blood cells. In this way, alcohol pre-disposes its users to fall victim to all contagious disease, colds, pneumonia, consumption, blood poisoning, etc."

"Many diseases are either caused by alcohol or contributed to by its use."

"There is no question but that alcohol contributes enormously to premature hardening of the arteries and to hobnail liver."

"Atwater and others have made experiments which have tended to show that alcohol possesses some little food value, but this is hardly true when the matter is given practical consideration. The facts are that while alcohol is a fuel it is not a real food, and even then its poisonous qualities far overshadow its trifling fuel value."

"Not only is it misleading to represent that alcohol is food, but also that it is a stimulant. It is more truly a narcotic."

"People well understand now that alcohol does not neutralize toxins. It is no longer used as a cure for snake bites, or in blood poisoning. In fact, there has come to be very little if any place for alcohol as a medicine."

CONCERNING tobacco, the Lord says, "And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man." While the use of tobacco is thought by some not to produce such serious and far reaching ailments as is the case with alcohol and other strong drinks; yet it is a very harmful and offensive habit to have. Anyone who has come in close association with the habitual user of tobacco knows the very distasteful odor that comes from his breath and person in general. Tobacco users are usually spitters and thus indirectly affect the health of others. These filthy habits and odors alone mar what would otherwise be a pleasing and inviting personality.

Dr. William S. Sadler, one of the leading medical authorities of the American Public Health Association, says:

"The effects of tobacco may be summarized as follows: 1. Circulatory disturbances, consisting of pain in the region of the heart, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, and irregular pulse. Blood pressure as a rule is increased, but in certain cases where the drug is used exclusively, the blood pressure is unusually low. 2. Nervous disturbances, consisting of headache, dizziness, tremor, depression and increased nervous irritability. 3. Digestive disorders, consisting of increased acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, and bilious attacks. 4. The special senses are affected so markedly in some cases as to produce partial blindness or deafness, and other disturbances of the hearing or vision. 5. The local action of nicotin is such that it irritates the throat and predisposes to cancer of the lip and tongue."

"Charles B. Towns, who has had a very large experience with drug habits of various sorts, contends that tobacco does more harm than alcohol, cocain, and opium, and that nothing else at the present time is contributing so surely to the degeneration of mankind as tobacco." "This same authority has also observed that it is very difficult to cure an alcoholic unless he gives up the use of tobacco."

CONCERNING hot drinks, we read from The Word of Wisdom, "And again hot drinks are not for the body or belly." Ever since man began to cook his food over a fire, he has developed an appetite for hot drinks with his meals, feeling at first that they aided him in keeping his body warm, but after learning that this was not true he continued to use hot drinks because they were more pleasing to his taste when hot than cold. We as Latter-day Saints have been very fortunate in having had revealed to us the detrimental effects of hot

drinks for a century past and have been able to protect our bodies from the use of this habit while the world in general, who still depend upon science for their guidance in healthful living, have received very little help along this line until very recent years. Modern science has proved, however, that hot drinks are very injurious to the system, interfering with digestion and oft-times causing ulcers of the stomach. On this point Dr. Sadler says, "Attention should be called to the injury of the tongue, mouth, and lips from too hot food and drinks. Some one has even suggested that one of the reasons why men have more cancer of the tongue and mouth is that they sit down and begin eating the hot food earlier, while the wife is still serving from the kitchen and that by the time the wife eats the food has cooled off a little." Tea and coffee, two narcotic drugs, are the most commonly used hot drinks. In addition to their detrimental effects of being drunk while hot they also contain the drugs caffein and thein which medical men have proved to be real harmful to man. One noted doctor states, "The bad effects of caffein are seen particularly in hereditarily nervous, anemic and debilitated persons, and when it starts in to produce mischief, there is no end of trouble it can make from tremor, palpitation of the heart, ringing in the ears, stomach trouble, heart-burn, rapid pulse, headache, neuralgia, and in some cases, especially in tea drinkers, chronic constipation."

Inasmuch as our health, to rather a large degree depends upon our diet the Lord also saw fit to give us guidance in the matter of the food we should eat when he says, "And again, verily I say unto you, all wholesome herbs God hath ordained for the constitution, nature, and the use of man. Every herb in the season thereof, and every fruit in the season thereof." It is a generally accepted fact that people are more healthful when their diet contains an ample supply of fresh uncooked vegetables and fruits, because when eaten in their raw state they contain food values which are partially destroyed in the cooking process. This does not mean, however, that they should not be preserved through cooking and otherwise for use in times of winter and famine when they cannot be obtained in their fresh state.

The Lord goes on to say concerning our food, "Yea, flesh also of beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly." The ill effects from too frequent eating of meat have been definitely established by the medical profession. Meat becomes tainted and spoils rather easily in warm weather and when in this condition is a very dangerous food. It is difficult at times to know whether meat is really fresh or not in these days when so much of our flesh foods are cold storage products. A noted medical authority states that "An excessive amount of meat in the diet—not only because of its failure to provide bulk, but also because of its tendency toward intestinal putrefaction and consequently poisoning of the bowel muscles—in these and other ways, contributes to the acquirement of habitual constipation."

The Lord said, "All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the staff of life." The universal use of bread with its health-giving qualities is sufficient evidence that science has at last acknowledged the importance of this

guiding principle pertaining to healthful living.

The Lord gave these health laws to the world,, as words of counsel and advice, leaving man to use his own free agency and choose as to whether he accepts them or not. However, he gave this counsel for the "temporal salvation of all saints in the last days." It was "given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all Saints who are or can be called Saints."

"And all Saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones. And shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them. Amen."

With so perfect a health code as the Word of Wisdom and such wonderful blessings promised by the Lord, whom we know can and will fulfill every one of them if we do our part, we as Latter-day Saints should put forth our best efforts to live in accordance with His teachings.

We Have Come Back

By Lorene Pearson

WE have come back. We came when it was spring and the thaw was on. Water ran high in the creek and the sudden showers turned to snow. Now it is autumn and color runs in the draws —red-ochre and russet—insistent and crowding among the few lingering green leaves of summer. A somnolent haze rests on the sage-brush hills and one indolent cloud has just come out for the sunset.

From the low hill where I am standing the south slope of our farm dips toward the autumn colored draw of Spring creek. Not far below me is our shack, newly tar-papered. By the well is a sprawl of willow bushes. releasing ever so quietly a few golden leaves that float leisurely to the sheltered side of the pump stand. At the upper end of the ripening garden the myriad leaves of the berry bushes spatter the hillside with color. Two tawny milk cows are wandering toward the barn, a straw-covered, log shed on down the slope from the shack. My white leghorn hens are drowsing on the west side of the shed in the late afternoon sun, for there is the tang of coming winter in the shadows. Just the idlest curl of ash-colored smoke comes from the chimney of the shack, which reminds me that I must soon go down and stir up the fire for supper. Nels should be coming back from town and the children from school. After living in the city we have come back here, and we have decided to stay.

Five years ago we went to the city. Nels worked in a factory. There was money every month and we felt the satisfaction of a regular income as all farmers do when they first work for wages. But we had

to live in an apartment so we had no garden to dig in and weed and thin. We had to give the dog away because we couldn't afford to feed it with food that had to be bought. The cat bothered the neighbors so he had to go, too. To take the place of these things there was the park and the zoo and occasionally a show. These first months I read Thoreau, sometimes aloud when Nels wasn't too tired, but more and more often to myself. Then Nels was laid off. In the worry and fatigue of looking for a job Thoreau had to be dusted. And only occasionally after that could I drop below the surface of uneasiness and sit submerged in the content of the care-free poverty of this self-exiled woodsman. Finally I put my book in the trunk and spent my leisure time gazing out of the tenth story window of our apartment. The smoke from the factory had colored the houses all a common gray, and the children in the streets had the same raggedness about them as if the factory leveled everything to a sameness. Nevertheless it was a shock the first time I looked into the street and recognized among the ragged urchins my own two children.

We struggled along, our money lasting always from one unemployment to another. Then last winter, Nels was laid off in the fall. Our money gave out. Nels became frantic. He walked miles looking for jobs, standing in an almost endless line with other men looking for work. I took the children the second day without food and stood in the bread line at the end of our street and brought half of my doughnuts home to Nels. The fifth day he earned a quarter washing windows half a day. All winter we lived this way, acutely conscious of starvation and of the other thousands about us seeking more than the breadline. In these bleak and frantic days we got strange notions of the world. Nels raved of injustice and once he clenched his fist in rage and screamed, "Down with the rich," in such insane shouts that the children ran out of our one room habitation and went crying down the stairway. I had managed to save a dollar from the little earnings that came in. In one rash impulse I went out and spent the whole thing for food, all at once. When we had eaten Nels and I faced each other across the table. Nels started right off as if we'd been talking of the things for a long time.

"Let's go back to the farm. We came here because we thought we couldn't make a living on the farm. But we never starved.

We came back. Our friend, Andy, laughed at us and said we couldn't live on a farm if we couldn't live in town. He kept saying the depression would be over. And lots of times he did find small jobs for Nels. He didn't mind if everyone was in the same fix. What he couldn't understand was going off to starve by ourselves. Andy had always lived where there were lots of people, he couldn't conceive of any other life. He was like all those hordes of other jobless, hungry people, he just couldn't see any way out.

How glorious were those first days when we could work—work for hours. Our small town grocery man, supposedly inefficient and not business-like, has extended us credit. He had loaned us garden seed and the essentials of living. We bought two horses and two cows from our neighbor, to be paid for on time. We ploughed the g a r d e n and thought out most carefully the best way to plant and on the best places to plant. On the flat above the house we planted corn and potatoes. We

managed to get in a few acres of grain on borrowed kindness of our neighbors.

Now it is autumn. Alice and I have canned wild fruit gathered along the creeks and we have put our vegetables in bins in the root cellar. We are proud of the rows of jars and the filled bins. The provision of food for the winter has become a pleasure, a source of happiness rather than a never-ending struggle to keep alive.

Nels and Paul worked at harvesting, at fall planting, at re-papering the house with tar paper and at enlarging the cow-shed for winter. Long hard days they have worked, but what a pleasure to work after the forced inactivity of the city. Paul traded a day's work with neighbor Ryan for a half-grown dog, a shepherd, and my white hens.

Days that Nels and Paul worked in the field for long hours Alice and I were especially careful to have the odor of frying bacon scenting the air when they came up to the shack. It is so grand to all work for the common good.

A week ago we all went to the hills for a wagon load of wood. Two hours the horses climbed up a steep road through a few pines and cedars and finally through a denser growth of evergreens to a tiny mountain meadow. Here we all gathered wood until the wagon was full. There was a huge picnic of course before we came down again into the rolling sagebrush country of farms and to our own gate.

Yesterday we started pots of flowers for the winter. Alice and I have cut out the tiny pieces of gingham that we are going to piece together for coverlets for the bed. Last night Nels and Paul talked of putting up a shop where they could work over used machinery and harness that they might pick up at sales.

If we had stayed in the city—but we didn't. We came back.

I have almost forgotten that I am standing on the low hill above the shack and that I shouldn't have let the ash-colored smoke cease curling from the chimney. Shadows have drifted into the colored shrubberies of the draws and far down the winding road I catch sight of a wagon moving slowly. Nels is returning from town. Off to the right Alice and Paul are coming along through the sagebrush from school, their dinner buckets glistening in the long lingering flashes of sunshine that the sun displays at leave-taking. I glance once more at the farm buildings, the garden patch, the sprawl of willows by the pump and at the indolent cloud just waiting for the sun's retreat to put on a gorgeous sunset.

The short walk from the low hill to the shack brings me from the land of reflection to the land of happenings. The children put up the team while Nels comes up to the shack.

"See here what I've brought you."

Books—and a letter. This evening we will look through all the books and start reading one. The letter? I open it. Andy writes from the city. He has a job, a temporary one. He tries not to say too much of the crowds of people and the rumors of factories opening for fear of accentuating our isolation and the bitter struggle we make for no more than a bare living.

LAKE IMOGENE

The Lady of the Lake

By Glen Perrins

Here is the Lady of the Lake—Miss Imogene Locke, of Ogden, Utah, and Lake Imogene in the heart of the Sawtooth mountains of Idaho.

IMOGENE LOCKE

The lake was named after Imogene by S. Barry Locke, her father, a U. S. Forester of Ogden who discovered this picturesque gem in the Sawtooths. With the consent of the government this beautiful lake was named after his daughter and under this name it is recorded on the maps.

Herewith is shown a new picture of the lake, and also one of Imogene—the lady of the lake. Travelers who hike among the picturesque Sawtooths in the summertime may find Imogene in this section for it is her favorite camping grounds.

By many she is known as "the lady of the lake."

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

By Vilate Elliot

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI was born in 1868 in Western India, he is a Hindu of the Jain faith. The term Mahatma, by which he is known, means *Great Soul.* It is a title of reverence conferred upon him. Gandhi's father was a chief official in his native state, he came from a family of well-to-do middle class people. At eighteen Gandhi went to London to study law, he passed his examinations, and was admitted to the bar and returned home to practice, but he disliked the methods used by most of the lawyers of his time. He was called to South Africa. Previously some one hundred and fifty thousand Indians had moved to South Africa; they were in difficulty with the native people and called upon Gandhi to defend their legal rights. Gandhi remained in Africa for twenty years; he says it was the turning point in his life. He believes religion is service and his should be service to India—this would bring self realization and a knowledge of God. He practiced his doctrines of non-violence and passive resistance in Africa, and in the end was victorious. These events shaped his career and his philosophy of life. It must be remembered his spiritual roots go back to Indian religious traditions which are derived from Hinduism, Buddism and Jainism. The cardinal tenet of these religions is a reverence for all life, sexual restraint and abstaining from intoxicants. A major influence in his life came from two women—his mother and his wife.

Gandhi became comparatively wealthy, while he was still a young man. He had an income of $20,000 a year but he gave it all away and took a vow of poverty. He says his lifelong quest is for self-realization and a desire to identify himself with his poor and downtrodden fellow countrymen. He wears a loin cloth because so many Indians cannot afford to wear more. The British judge who sentenced him to imprisonment said, "Those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and saintly life."

His philosophy is service to truth as he sees it. It includes: (1) Ahinasa, which means love, (2) Chastity, (3) Restraint of the palate, (4) Abstaining from the possession of things for themselves, (5) One's bread must be earned by the sweat of the brow, (6) Services to his neighbors is man's primary duty, (7) Belief in equality of all mankind, (8) Belief in the equality of the world's great faiths, (9) Fearlessness.

Professor Wadia says that Gandhi's greatest service to India is teaching them to conquer fear. The people have been paralyzed with fear—fear of police, fear of the military, fear of public opinion, fear of social ostracism, fear of ghosts, fear of shadows; political and social reforms have been paralyzed from fear.

Gandhi says there is only one God for us all, whether we find Him through the Bible, Koran, Gita or Talmud,—He is a God of love and truth. He says he does not hate the British, he likes them but dislikes their system in India. He has many

influential friends in England, among them Ramsay McDonald, Sir Gilbert Murray, Josiah Wedgewood and a score of others. Dr. Sherwood Eddy, an English member of the National congress held at Lahore, India, says, "I went to say good bye to Gandhi, the multitude thronged about upon him, I saw men's faces alight with a love I have never seen for any other human being.

One day a week Gandhi devotes to uninterrupted silence, he meditates all day. His six working days are spent thus—prayer at four a. m., work until nine, bath, breakfast of goat's milk and fruit, more work, an hours nap at noon, spinning until five p. m., more goat's milk and fruit, a walk, prayer at seven, meditation until ten when he retires. Gandhi's house is extremely plain; it is surrounded by a simple garden, a few trees, a little grass and a few flowers. The inside is simpler still. His own room contains nothing but a little table about ten inches high, this is his writing desk at which he works squatting on the floor. Spinning is his favorite pastime. Gandhi says, "Every Indian peasant must spin, it is through the spinning wheel that I keep in touch with the poorest of the poor and through them with God."

Gandhi favors more liberty for women, he says, "The barbaric custom of *purdah*, which prevents a woman from showing her face to any man except her father and her husband must be stopped."

Gandhi has no bodyguard, he says, "God alone keeps vigil over me." "The day that my inner voice tells me my country no longer needs me I will starve myself to death * * * the day India abandons the principle of non-violence, I shall let my fragile body perish." This picture of Gandhi shows us a mixture of humility, asceticism and passionate sincerety which makes him a difficult person to be dealt with by hard-headed Britains. While he is gentle, modest, unassuming, courteous, and abhors violence, yet he has stirred three hundred million people to revolt and has shaken the foundations of the British Government.

The five rules of Mahatma Gandhi are:

1. The vow of truth.

2. The vow of non-violence,—you must not be angry with the unjust, you must love them. Oppose tyrrany. Do not hurt the tyrant, conquer him by love, suffer punishment even unto death for disobeying his will. Sacrifice and willing suffering is the spirit of Ahinasa.

3. The vow of non-stealing. It is theft if we use articles we do not really need.

4. The control of the Palate. Regulate and purify the diet, leave off food that may tend to stimulate animal passions.

5. Vow of self-control. It is not enough not to look upon a woman with a lustful eye. Animal passion must be controlled, so it will not even be in thought.

6. Vow of non-acquisition. It is not enough not to be acquisitive, but it is necessary not to keep anything which may not be absolutely necessary for our bodily wants. Think constantly of simplifying life.

Gandhi has taught the Hindu to endure blows from police and to fold their arms and take their blows without protest. He is breaking down religious and race prejudices, Hindu, Moslem, Christian, Jew and Parsee lie side by side in the hospitals all suffering from the wounds of police, eating from the same dishes and drinking from the same vessels. He has also taught them to boycott all British made goods such as machinery, automobiles, drugs, radios and

above all English made cottons. Gandhi's methods are a two-edged sword of non-cooperation and non-violence. Where force would lose, gentleness wins. He symbolizes the terrific might of meekness. One of his first announcements after being released from prison was that the campaign of civil disobedience against British rule must go on. Caste originally meant *color,* it is said the Aryans erected it in remote ages to protect their people from the earlier races in India. The Aryans were fair haired and blue-eyed. The primitive races were very dark so in this respect the Aryans were the first white race to conquer India.

There are four castes:

1. Brahman or priestly caste.
2. Warrior caste.
3. Caste of traders and tillers of the soil. These three castes are known as the *Twice-Born* and are entitled to wear the Sacred Tread.
4. Sudra or service caste—this is divided into the clean and unclean because of the kind of work they do. The unclean are known as the *untouchables* who are the scavengers of the cities. *Untouchable* means a state of existence lived out in abject and hopeless serfdom imposed by Hindu religious custom on sixty million human beings attached as slaves to the Hindu people of the three higher castes. Gandhi describes the system as the "Shame of Hinduism —The hydra-headed monster," It is said to have originated with the Brahman priests thousands of years ago. In India every fourth person is a slave compared to which our American negro slavery was freedom. The general belief is that the Untouchables pollute all things, they pollute the well from which they draw water, their breath pollutes the air, their shadow pollutes the earth on which they walk, they are forbidden religious teachng lest their lips defile the Word of God. These terrible accusations arouse no resentment in the minds of the victims because they themselves believe untouchability is incurred by sin; through thousands of rebirths they must expiate their sin.

Gandhi has denounced the system, he says it is a snake with a thousand mouths through each of which it shows its poisonous fangs. He would free them from this oppression. He says India is unfit for home rule as long as it keeps in bondage one-fifth of its population.

India is a land of terrible contrasts,—luxury, riches, beauty of architecture, shimmering silks and gems as fine as those in the stories of the Arabian Nights—and poverty, filth, stark misery, pestilence and famine. There are hungry gaunt-eyed men and women whose bodies show the lack of proper food or any kind of food for that matter, for millions of Indians have never at any time in their lives had what an American would call a square meal. Imagine if you can going to bed hungry every night. The slums are of the worst kind even worse than the cities of Europe in the dark ages. The rich are the richest and the poor are the poorest and they remain so from one generation to another.

The Greeks, Arabs, Mongols, Persians, French, Dutch all came conquering India. They have come and they have gone. These invasions are like the winds that ruffle the sea but do not stir the waters below. India's life has gone on as it has always gone on—each caste living by itself, each group set off from the others, having only one thing in common,—contempt for the outcast, the untouchable.

The rule of the British Government in India began with the British

East India Trading Company. Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to this company; they did little for more than a hundred years. The Dutch and the Portuguese were bidding for the monopoly of this trade, but England out-lasted them. They came merely as traders, they had no ambitions further, but they did cultivate friendly relations with the rulers. They also established some trading settlements but had no intentions of getting mixed up in foreign affairs. British rule really began in India in 1668 when Bombay was given to the British Crown; this was transferred to the India Trading Company, which gave them full rights of rulership on Indian soil.

French were trying to get a foothold in India. Aurangzeb, the last ruler of the Great Mohammedan Empire was dead. Internal strife followed. The British interests were in danger. The company had grown to be recognized at home as a national asset. England could not afford to lose it. A British fleet and troops were sent out. The British gradually gained ground until in 1858, Queen Victoria in proclamation assumed for the crown full control and direct responsibility for the government and administration of British India. They confirmed all rights, treaties and contracts previously made with the Native States under the rule of the company.

British India comprises about two-thirds of India, the other one-third is made up of native states. British India only, comes under British rule.

There were about a million Indians in the World War fighting for England. The British government gave the Indians to understand if they would help the Britains through the war, the British would stand by India when the war was over. India felt that the British did not keep their word. In 1919 an act was forced through the Indian council making British rule stronger and sterner than ever before. India cried out in indignation. Gandhi could see that a revolt was inevitable. To prevent violence and bloodshed, he took command of the situation and called on the people of India to oppose the oppression of the British Government, but to oppose it not with arms but with soul force, so under Gandhi three hundred million Hindus and Mohammedans dedicated themselves to passive resistance. They will not obey the British Law.

Imprisonment followed, Gandhi among many others went to jail. But the people came together quietly, and solemnly to pledge their faith in Gandhi's doctrine and Gandhi's method. His spirit carries on, everywhere.

Some people felt because Gandhi was willing to go to London to the Indian conference after he had refused to go eighteen months before and because of his love for non-violence, that he had sold out to the British; this was not true. The British attitude had changed, their government had been compelled to admit the great power of the Indian Congress, and the idea of complete independence was much more advanced in the minds of the British as well as the Indians. Gandhi was the sole Indian delegate of this Congress in London. He was bound by the instructions of the Indian Congress, their instructions were *Complete Independence*. This London Congress, held at St. James' Palace was unique, there is nothing comparable to it. One little, almost naked man negotiating with the British Empire. The Empire with

all its prestige and traditions of political conquest on the one side and Gandhi with his bottle of goat's milk and a basket of dates and cracked corn on the other. This little insignificant person with his doctrine of non-violence was fighting for the independence of a nation.

Gandhi in his first address at this conference said, "If we are intent on complete independence, it is not from any sense of arrogance, not because we want to parade before the universe that we have severed all connections with the British people. On the contrary you will find in that mandate that the Congress contemplates a partnership with the British people, but that partnership or connection must be such as should exist between two absolute peoples. I am here to put forward that claim in the gentlest manner possible, but in the firmest manner possible, with all the strength and energy at my command." No matter what the discussion was he would come back each time to the main issue, "India must be a nation, in a society of nations of which England is one, and only one." He says it softly, slowly, gently, but behind him are millions of his countrymen with this one idea.

In the Round Table Conference of last winter Muhammed Ali, the representative of the Moslems also voiced this idea when he said, "Nobody wins a battle. It involves only the will to kill, but all of our three hundred and twenty million people have the will to die for the birth of India as a free, united nation."

Many of India's friends such as McDonald, says India must wait, must learn, must grow to dominion stature before being granted dominion privileges.

To this, one can only say, Mr. Gandhi can wait also and his waiting is infinitely the easier task, for he need only quietly to refuse to obey the mandates of the Empire. The Empire must enforce them.

In the last constitution offered to India the British reserved to his Majesty's Government, the right to control foreign affairs, the finances and defense, but some of the points were in advance of anything previous,first, the landowners should be taxed for the benefit of the community, second, the transfer of law and order in the provinces to responsible Indian hands, third, the recognition of the place of women in Indian political life and enlarging the franchise for women in every direction. This is a signal service. These were offset, however, by the issuing concerning the army—it should be paid for by the Indian taxpayer without any control of the expenditure which is of course Taxation without Representation.

Some writers say that the National party in India with Mahatma Gandhi as its leader, is a loosely organized party, it is doubtful if it represents the majority of the Indian population. But even these people feel there should be more advance toward self government. India has had British rule for one hundred fifty years, yet nearly all official positions are filled by Englishmen. Indian officials are not allowed in civil service or the army. Her citizens are not educated, the Philippines and Soviet Russia have less illiteracy than India. Mr. J. T. Sunderland in his book, "India in Bondage," says, "No nation has a right to rule another, therefore, England should not rule India. * * * India ruled herself for three thousand years or more and can do it again."

Gandhi went to London to work for complete independence for In-

dia and to give the nation control over the army, external affairs, finances, fiscal and economic policy.. Needless to say India has little chance of obtaining such a program. All agree that India at present has many perplexing problems — the Moslems and the Hindus with their different religions, the native states, the plight of the caste of the untouchables.

In the one hundred and fifty years, England has done little to iron out any of these problems. The spirit of Indian nationalism seems to be the sort that will endure and rebel until it is satisfied. This was true of America, of Ireland, and of all people who deeply desire to govern themselves.

Nationalism is sweeping over India, bankers, lawyers, millionaires, bazaar traders, mill workers, have all plunged into the struggle with a passionate conviction that the time has come to stake all on winning victory. They are caught up in the wave of mystic, emotional and political sentiment which is sweeping over India like a new religion, a religion of which the prophet and deity is Mahatma Gandhi.

First Home of George Washington

By Glen Perrins

Fredericksburg, Virginia, and especially this home near the city, will be the scene of special celebrations this year on Independence Day, July 4th, for it was here that George Washington was born. The home is in excellent shape today and this year, the 200th anniversary of Washington's birth, it has been the Mecca of thousands. George was one of six children on this Virginia estate and spent his boyhood life in the fields about this home.

But for his birth, Independence Day today might mean nothing to America, and the Revolutionary war might have ended in defeat!

Mary Ann Udall Stewart

By Louise Bliss Stewart

BY her works has Sister Mary Ann Udall Stewart made herself known over a large area. Her patience, gentleness and untiring service to her fellowmen has endeared her to all who know her.

Sister Stewart, the second daughter of David Udall and Eliza King, was born December 10, 1857, at Nephi, Utah. When she was but five years old her mother died, but she was fortunate in having a "second mother," Aunt Rebecca, who was devoted to her. From this dear mother who was deprived of the privilege of having children of her own, did Sister Stewart receive her training in service to others.

Of her childhood days she says: "Well do I remember the old fort where we lived during the Blackhawk War. Many were the scares we got from the Indians. I recall the days we children spent in fighting grasshoppers. We would drive them into ditches or into straw stacks to be burned. Many hours have I spent washing, picking and spinning wool. We wove the cloth for our clothes as well. I recall the many hours we spent husking corn and stripping cane.

"My father made molasses in those days, so after work we had the pleasure of making molasses candy and playing on the stacks of pulp which were left around the mill after the juice was pressed out.

"I have fond memories of all our neighbors. Most of them have gone to the other side."

Sister Stewart was one of the first counselors in the Mutual at Nephi. She served in this capacity for several years.

In 1879 she and her father went to St. George to do ordinance work in the temple there. The following year she was married, in the St. George temple, to William T. Stewart, and went to live in Kanab. Here she again worked in the Mutual, this time as president. She says: "I was of a timid nature and didn't feel qualified to do the work so I tried to 'beg off.' I asked for a little time to think it over. I cried about it and I prayed about it. My teachings had always been to never shirk the work of the Lord, so I accepted the call and served there for some time."

E'er long a baby boy arrived at her home; and in due time, another son came.

Brother Stewart received a call to the New Zealand mission, at a time when New Zealand was scarcely known. "Where is New Zealand?" was asked again and again. It seemed a long way off. The prospective separation and trials seemed almost too much to Sister Stewart, for she was very weak from a recent illness, and to be left alone with five children, all under eight years of age, seemed a great responsibility. But once again she bowed to the will of the Lord.

Most of their property was disposed of to raise money for the trip. Only a little rented land was left. It was indeed a time of trial; sick babies, no doctors, and but very little money and supplies. Still she did not murmur, for she was serving the Lord. In every way possible she tried to make a living for her children. She went into the millinery business, she dried fruit, and she

stripped cane. Finally the ward came to her assistance.

While Brother Stewart was away she and her children went with relatives, by team and wagon, to St. Johns, Arizona. It required a month for the trip. She remained at St. Johns for a year, living with her brother, David K. Udall, and her sister, Eliza Udall Tenney. Then her father took her back to Kanab where she again took up the millinery business and clerked in a store.

Brother Stewart was away for three years. Shortly after his return they sold their property in Kanab and went to St. Johns, but they were not satisfied there and at the end of a year returned to Kanab.

Just five years from the time of Brother Stewart's return from his mission he was called to preside over the New Zealand Mission. Just two days before the time for him to leave for his mission another baby was born to Sister Stewart. There were now eight children, but some of them were old enough to help. The church provided an allowance and Sister Stewart again went into the millinery business and clerked in the store. During this time she served as a counselor to the Stake President of the Mutual in the Kanab Stake.

After Brother Stewart's return they began to look forward to future homes for their children, that they might keep them near them. Kanab offered but little in this respect so they moved to Nevada, to Pahranagat Valley, where there was room for all. But it meant more hardships and privations for this worthy mother. She left a comfortable home, to dwell in a shack; there were no schools, no church organizations, no friends. All were left behind. But being of sturdy pioneer blood she did not flinch but bravely faced the task of making homes for her children.

And well did she succeed. Gradually more Latter-day Saints came to the valley. Church organizations were effected and Sister Stewart was foremost among the workers. She labored for many years as president of the Relief Society and as a Sunday School Teacher.

Sister Stewart spent four years in Panaca, Nevada, where she went to place her two youngest children and several of her grandchildren in high school. And following close upon this period came a call to her, and her husband, to do ordinance work in the St. George Temple. They worked there two years, at the same time keeping their youngest son on a mission in Old Mexico.

Sister Stewart has been married fifty years, thirty of those years having been spent in Alamo, Nevada. She is the mother of seven sons and two daughters and "second mother" to three girls.

Three of her sons have filled missions; one has acted as Bishop and another as a Bishop's Counsellor. All are good home makers and worthy citizens.

She now has sixty grandchildren and six great grand children, and most of them she has helped to bring into the world. She still enjoys good health and is still serving her fellowmen, going out as midwife and nurse, although she is nearly 74 years old. The Lord had greatly blessed her in this work. She says:

"I hope to continue my work of bringing souls into the world and trying to save those that are here. In all things I submit to the will of the Lord and pray that I may so live that when my call comes to go to the other side, I will be prepared."

Margaret Emma Compton Smith

By Mary E. Able.

MARGARET EMMA CROMPTON SMITH, daughter of John and Hannah Hardy Crompton, was born July 21, 1853, in Nebraska, near the Platte river. Her parents, who had embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were at this time on their way to Zion. Her father and his parents were in all the mobbings and drivings of the Saints in Missouri and were in Nauvoo when the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were cruelly martyred in Carthage jail.

They experienced hunger and also the blessings of the Lord when He sent the quail to feed them. Tired of being harassed and driven, her father, John Crompton, with his father and mother, Thomas and Elizabeth Greenhalgh Crompton, went up to Saint Louis to obtain outfits to go to the land that had been chosen for the Saints. Due to exposure and hardships, both of John's parents died at Council Bluffs in 1850.

The same year John met and married Hannah Hardy Eckersley, daughter of James and Malley Stott Hardy, a widow with four children, the youngest being about four years old. Their first child and daughter was born and buried in Council Bluffs.

On the night of Margaret's birth a terrible storm arose. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the wind was so terrific that the wagons had to be chained to the ground. Every sister in the company was anxious to lend all the assistance she could to comfort the mother. Yet the care she and the baby should have had was out of the question on this terrible night. As a result she was very ill, so ill that she begged her husband to leave her by the wayside. She had no nurse for her new born babe and so it's food was obtained by diluting the milk from one of the two cows comprising their team. This seemed to poison the baby. For two months she was carried on a pillow and her life was despaired of. As they neared the valley the mother's health improved and the baby too began to thrive.

They arrived in Salt Lake City in September, 1853, and settled in Cottonwood. In 1856 they moved to American Fork. Here they experienced many hardships incident to pioneer life, being many times without bread to eat. As a girl Emma was drilled in economy, thrift, faith and love. She attended school under the early teachers in American Fork. At the age of thirteen she spun yarn for her own dress and knit her own stockings. She remembers plainly the candles used for lighting their homes, their beet and carrot molasses, and their food that was baked in a fireplace. She also recalls her unusual dress of Swiss muslin that she had earned, paying $7.00 for her 7 yards of cloth. This dress she wore at a 24th of July celebration.

She was often asked to sing on different programs given in those days, at the early age of 15, being a member of the choir under the leadership of Brother Ebenezar Hunter. Sister Mary Hindley once remarked, "If Emma would have her voice trained she would make a Jennie Lind."

During the summer-time she went barefooted and gleaned wheat in the fields and husked corn to assist in home needs.

March 2, 1872, she was united in marriage to William J. Rushton. Thirteen years later they moved to Idaho with their four boys, being pioneers in that country on 160 acre tract of land covered with sagebrush. To this union eight children were born—six boys and two girls. At the present time she has six children, 39 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren living.

In Iona, Idaho, although having a large family she was a member of the choir, teacher in the Sunday School, teacher in Relief Society and was the first President of the Y. L. M. I. A. in the Iona Ward. She was later chosen first counselor to Sister Emma J. Bennett in the Bingham Stake Relief Society being set apart to that office by Apostle John Henry Smith. Each year these good sisters traveled 700 miles with horse and buggy to visit the wards of their stake.

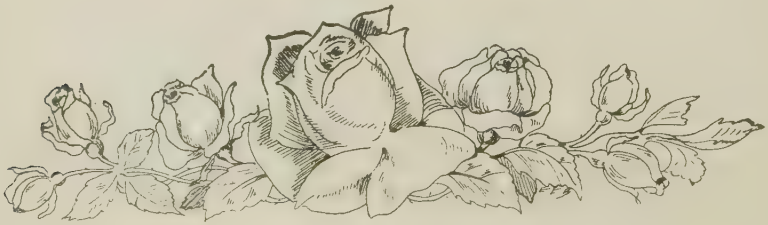
Seventeen years later the family moved to Oregon, where Sister Emma was chosen first counselor to Sister Mary Schofield in the Union Stake Relief Society. In 1903 they moved back to Iona, Idaho, where her husband later died. In her three and one-half years of widowhood she took in boarders and went out nursing. She was ever ready to lend a helping hand to the sick and sorrowing. Her children honor and revere her for her life of sacrifice and mother love; her neighbors extol her kindly deeds of service. Her faith and devotion to God have been an inspiration to all who have come under her influence.

On May 29, 1907, she was united in marriage to Patriarch Warren B. Smith in the Salt Lake Temple, and mothered his five children, ranging in ages from six to fourteen, at their home in American Fork. Here she was called to labor in the Relief Society Stake Board as a member in the Sunshine Department under the Presidency of Sister Annie C. Hindley.

One of Emma Smith's greatest activities is temple work. After seven years of faithful labor for her kindred dead she is now completing a list of 1700 names. For more than 50 years she has been a faithful tithepayer, and has subscribed for the *Relief Society Magazine* ever since it was published.

On a recent visit to Idaho she took occasion to visit some of the aged people there. It made her heart rejoice to hear the expressions of appreciation of her visits to the sick and labors of love among them which was worth more than money to her.

Aunt Em as she is affectionately called, has grown old gracefully. Her cozy home among the flowers and vines is truly artistic, and typical of the happy couple dwelling within.



Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SUMMER-TIME, the great outdoors is calling. How sweet it is to breathe the scent of new mown hay or forest pine or salty sea. No elixir so fills the soul with hope as nature in its ripe fruition.

AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM is the first woman to be awarded the distinguished flying cross by the United States. This signal honor is in recognition of her courage and skill shown during her trans-Atlantic solo flight. Mrs. Putnam has been the recipient of many honors from British royalty and American and English officialdom since her spectacular landing at Londonderry, Ireland. She has also been given the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French Republic for her unusual accomplishment.

MARGARET DELAND, after a period of several years, has written a new novel—"Captain Archer's Daughter." Admirers of "Old Chester Tales," "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" and her other fine novels, will gladly welcome this new book.

PEARL S. BUCK'S new book, "The Young Revolutionist," deals not with old China like her prize novel, "The Good Earth," but young China groping between old idols and traditions and the new era of nationalistic spirit.

VICKIE BAUM, Vienna novelist and playwright of "Grand Hotel," desires to become a United States citizen, as she wishes "to live in a country where it is not taken for granted that a woman should clean a man's boots."

SHEILA KAYE SMITH has written a pretty Sussex story—"Summer Holiday," said to be a thinly veiled autobiography.

MRS. ELLA V. CHRISTIAN of Utah and Idaho, has certainly proven "It is never too late to learn." At the age of 68 she graduates this summer from the Albion State Normal with a junior high school diploma and is now fully certified to begin her 23rd year as a teacher. Though now a great grandmother she has never ceased to strive for higher educational attainments, overcoming all difficulties to reach her goal.

PROFESSOR MARTHA VAN RENSALLER, a member of the Cornell University faculty and selected by the League of Women Voters as one of America's twleve greatest women, died recently. She was a leading figure in the field of home economics.

LADY GREGORY, who died last May, was one of the best known women writers in Ireland. She was a noted dramatist and director of the Abbey theatre in Dublin.

CARRIE COLBURN, though a foremost actress and author of numerous plays as well as a pioneer in cinema work, died in poverty and was buried by the Actors' Fund of America, of which she had been a staunch supporter.

MME. DOUMER'S tragic figure excites the admiration as well as the sympathy of the world. Sympathy, that after losing five fine sons in the World War, she should lose her distinguished husband, M. Doumer, president of France, by the hand of an assassin; admiration for her fortitude and courage under these manifold sorrows.

THE Presbyterian Church in general conference admitted women to membership in the governing body of the church. The measure places one woman in the general council with the right to vote, while the *Methodist* church conference denied this privilege, though women are admitted to local orders under which they administer baptism, marriage and the sacrament.

GRACE ABBOTT, Chief of the Children's Bureau, has prepared a ten-year child welfare plan dealing with the infant and child health, child labor delinquency and dependency and the part that should be played in the next ten years by the parent, the community and the nation. The plan if adopted, will be a great step towards decreasing crime and increasing efficiency among the nation's youth.

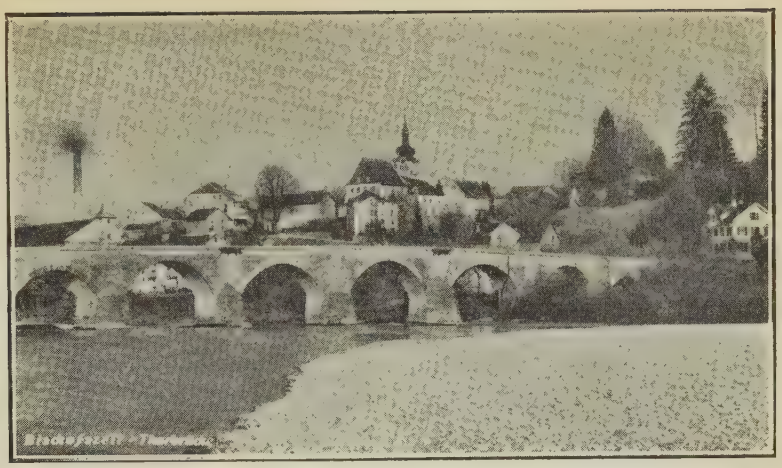
Margaret Shippen

By Jensine Johannesen

MARGARET SHIPPEN was born in Nauvoo, Nov. 13, 1843. She came to Utah in 1852 and to Eagle Rock, now Idaho Falls, from Wanship, Utah, in 1882. She assisted in the organization of the first Relief Society in Idaho Falls, and was made the first counselor to the first president, Mary J. Hawkley, of that Society at the time of its organization in 1885. In 1888 the Society was re-organized and Margaret Shippen became its president, and in this capacity she worked until 1921, when she was chosen a member of the stake Relief Society, in which she labored until 1925. It was certainly a long and faithful service, and she never failed in fully performing the duties and obligations of the offices that she held for so many years. During that active and splendid career the days were never too short nor too long, the nights were never too dark nor cold nor stormy for her to respond to any service that was required of her. Whenever she was called to visit the sick or the dying or those in need, Margaret Shippen was there to do her part.

It was my good fortune to be associated with her in various activities of this kind from 1898 to 1917. To me it was a wonderful pleasure and one that I have always considered among the happy and fortunate events in my life. No one could be associated with Margaret Shippen without having a broader view of life, a more charitable feeling toward fellow human beings and a greater desire to be of service to mankind. She was a woman of meekness and humility—one who never let the right hand know what the left hand did, one who always had a good and kind word for everyone, and who spoke no ill of anybody. She was true to her friends, devoted to her work and steadfast in her faith. She had no enemies, for to know her was to love her. Her every act was an impressive lesson in charity, humility, sincerity and devotion. Her unfaltering faith was ever an inspiration, and it can truly be said that the world was bettered by her life.

She died Oct. 27, 1931, having been a member of Relief Society for 70 years, an officer for 40 years, and was active up to four weeks before her death.



Story of the Bridge

By Emma Mosheer

"I am thinking of my homeland
And the light upon the hills
And the magic of the mountains
And the music of the rills.

"New wonders now surround me
In this land of beauty rare,
Yet my heart is in the homeland
With my loved ones waiting there.

"When twilight peace is falling
Ah, 'tis there I'd like to be
For the voice of home is calling,
It calls, calls, calls to me."

THIS poem always appealed to me, as it was descriptive of my feelings. The call grew more and more urgent, till finally last year I decided to pay another visit, together with three American friends, to my homeland, Switzerland. How happy I was to take my companions to the scenes of my childhood and show them the wonders of my native country, with its green hills and mountains with everlasting snow, blue lakes, cooling rivers, not to forget the beautiful green forests and lovely meadows dotted with fruit trees. One day we crossed the River Thur on an old historic bridge and while there I told them its story.

Long ago there lived in a fine castle overlooking the place where we stood, a widow, Frau von Hohenzorn, with her two sons. Having been bereaved of her husband for a number of years, she devoted her time and efforts to the rearing of her young sons, and under her care she saw them develop into fine manhood.

One day the boys crossed the river in a small boat to go hunting in a forest near by. During their absence the mother looking from a window saw that the river was swelling, due to storm in the mountains, and, while watching, the usually calm waters grew into a raging torrent. Shortly she beheld her two sons approaching. Like many boys of that age, knowing no fear, they didn't hesitate a minute, but climbed into the small craft. Scarcely was it loosened when it overturned with its precious load of human life. Can you imagine the anguish of the poor mother, seeing her boys, her all, perish before her eyes? Full of heavy foreboding she and many kind neighbors rushed to the scene

of the disaster. In vain did they search the wild stream for several days. Finally, on the third day, the river gave up the bodies, and mourning neighbors took them to the now desolated castle. The poor mother's hopes and dreams were all blasted. Despair was almost overcoming her when she had an inspiration—she would spend part of her fortune to build a bridge at the scene of the disaster, so other mothers wouldn't have to suffer as she did. She offered the plan and the means for the project to the mayor of the city. Soon the work was completed over the grave of her children. A unique, curved bridge spanned the wild Thur, and with a lighter heart and great satisfaction the widow watched big and small crossing it in safety; no matter how calm the stream or how wild the torrent no anxiety need be felt any more for the travelers.

She is gone Home a long time ago to where her boys are, but the bridge still stands as a monument to the love and foresight of one sorrowing mother for others.

Music

By Ivy Williams Stone

I have heard the note of the lean coyote
As he stalked the purple night;
And the rapid click of the miner's pick
When he sensed his goal in sight.
I have heard the lark at the end of dark
Trilling his wondrous song—
And the rhythmic lave of the foamy wave
Shifting the sands along.
But the world around, I have heard no sound
As sweet as an infant's cry;
For my babe's first wail, as he ends travail
Is music from God on high!

Notes from the Field

North Central States Mission:

MRS. PHOEBE M. WELLING, president of the North Central States Mission Relief Societies, writes as follows: "Wherever the lady missionaries labor, they are always helpful in the Relief Societies, and in some of the branches, the Elders also take an active interest. Our organizations are a power for good in all the branches where they are operating. I had the opportunity of visiting all the Relief Societies, except the two in Canada, last year. All are thriving and finding plenty to do in these hard times. I think there are none of our people in actual want. I met President Welling in Montana, on his return from Utah last October. We held five Relief Society conferences on our way home. We visited both of the Indian Reservations where we have members of the Church. Those visits are always interesting. The sisters at Wolf Point have organized a Relief Society and tried at different times to hold regular meetings, but they do not carry on without interruptions when left without missionaries, as they are at present. The lesson material in the *Magazine* is difficult for them, especially as some of the sisters cannot read and speak English. I am arranging some simple theology lessons in a manner that the sisters who have been to school can present to the others, trusting that it may work out to the mutual benefit of all. En-

Mrs. Phoebe M. Welling, President North Central States Mission Relief Societies; Mrs. Tiny Mountain, Mrs. Bear Skin, Mrs. Pointing Iron, Relief Society Presidency, Wolf Point, Montana.

closed is a snapshot of the officers; the names are as interesting as the faces.

"The Relief Society in Billings is an inspiration. The group is largely made up of young mothers. I happened to be there on a work and business Tuesday. They were making hand-painted door stops; a swarm of little children were being cared for along with the other work, and the lesson was also presented. I was thrilled.

"We have most loyal support from the St. Paul and Minneapolis branches. Not so long ago the Minneapolis Relief Society sponsored a program to raise funds for a Missionary Benefit. They also contributed four large boxes of clothing for our Wolf Point Indian Branch. Each Relief Society has presented plays that are worthy of comment.

"All through the summer months last year, the Relief Societies of the mission made an effort to meet with the members who live far removed from the chapels and those who are physically unable to leave their homes. Very pleasant trips by street car, motor bus and automobiles were arranged, each group carrying picnic, gifts of flowers, etc. In every instance neighbors and friends congregated and people became acquainted with our Relief Society activities. Many pleasant contacts resulted.

"Our Saints in some of the sections where drought and unemployment have been felt so keenly, are doing well to keep going. Bless their hearts, they show fortitude equal to that of our early Pioneers. They are so scattered that they hold meetings in the summer months when the weather is pleasant enough to travel. I feel humbled in their presence."

Northern States Mission:

MRS. ARTEMESIA ROMNEY, president of the Northern States Mission Relief Society, writes: "All the Relief Societies in the mission have held conferences, and seem to be very much interested in the work. The members in the mission work are at a great disadvantage, because they are so scattered, and distances are so great. It requires a great deal of money as well as time to get to their meetings, but the sisters are faithful and desire to learn more of the work. The Relief Society has been given part of the time at each conference to explain the work. The conferences seem to be a great stimulus to all Relief Society members. The Handbook is in all the branches, and is a great help to them.

"The new mission project has been to get the District teachers active in all the branches. It has been very successful so far this fall and winter. In one branch the new project has been the means of almost doubling the attendance. Many of the branches send in similar encouraging reports.

"The accomplishments of the sisters in their Work and Business Meetings are outstanding. A great many articles have been donated, and the sisters make them over into very nice garments. In this way the Relief Societies are helping to clothe the needy. In a number of the branches nearly all the members are relatives, and they do a great deal of charity work for each other. This is not credited in our report. Many people not of our Church will donate 'cast offs' which can be made over.

"Even though many of the members are out of work, subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine* have increased materially. A number of the branch organizations have bought the *Magazine,* and are allow-

ing the sisters to use them as they pay for them monthly—10c each month. This gives the members a chance to use the *Magazine* while it is being paid for.

"We regret very much that we found it necessary to discontinue four of the organizations. The number was so few and the members were so scattered that it seemed impossible for them to get together. Many of them reported that they could not obtain carfare for transportation. All other organizations are doing fine work. There have been five re-organizations since the work commenced in October—Logan Square, University Branch, Detroit, Bloomington, and Peru.

"Many of the branches have held successful bazaars and parties of various kinds to raise funds. I feel that the work is progressing nicely, and there is more need for service all the time. The two branches in Chicago have donated nineteen large boxes of clothing, and we have packed and sent them out to the needy in the different branches."

Central States Mission:

THE following word comes from the Central States Mission: "A Relief Society convention was held Sunday afternoon, December 13, 1931, in Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, under the direction of the mission Relief Society president, Mrs. Charlotte T. Bennion.

"There were members present from six associations: Leavenworth, Topeka, Kansas City, Kansas; Kansas City, Missouri; St. Joseph and Independence. This was the first convention ever held in the Central States Mission, and it was a decided success. Instructive counsel was given by Sister Bennion. Interesting discourses were given as outlined by the General Board. Reports were given by the presidents of the Societies, and a most interesting feature of the convention was when the retiring officers, who have given long faithful service were called upon and they bore fervent testimonies to the divinity of the Gospel. The convention was inspiring to all present."

Kansas City (Missouri) Branch. Mrs. Julia Claridge Ellsworth, Relief Society branch president, writes: "The annual Relief Society conference of the Kansas City branch was held on March 13, 1932. This was attended by people from all over the Central States Mission, there being nearly 300 in attendance. Splendid talks were given by President Samuel O. Bennion, Mission President of Relief Societies Charlotte T. Bennion, class leaders, and others. Special music was furnished by our choir, trio and other numbers.

We are all delighted with the proceeds gained from our cafeteria luncheon, as people are so short of means at the present time.

"We have such a wonderful group of sisters in our Society. It has been one of the greatest joys of my life to work with them.

"On the seventeenth of March we held a very unique party. Our program, which preceded the old fashioned ball, was presented in the form of a radio program. We had the stage fixed just like a broadcasting station, it being Station K. C. R. S. (Kansas City Relief Society), James Ellsworth, Jr., proving himself to be a very clever, humorous, as well as instructive announcer, carrying us back to 1842, with all its romance, joys and tears. At the close of the program we were transferred by remote control to the ballroom, where an old time orchestra played the old time melodies for our

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI RELIEF SOCIETY

dancing, and a most enjoyable time was had by all."

Mrs. Charlotte T. Bennion, Relief Society Mission President, writes: "Although most of the sisters are undergoing a very trying time owing to the depression, yet, they are faithful, energetic, and trying to live up to the rules of the Relief Society work, so I am glad to report that they are doing the very best they can under the circumstances."

Texas Mission:

WORD comes from Mrs. Irene T. Rowan, Relief Society Mission President, and an example of activity and foresight is in evidence in the report of this, one of the newest missions. "The Relief Society built a canning plant at Kelsey, borrowing the funds from the mission with the hope of paying it back from the earnings of the cannery, which has been a wonderful blessing to the people in that vicinity. They have actually canned more vegetables than they have ever had before in all their lives. They now have $77.50 worth of canned vegetables which they expect to sell.

"The nearest Relief Society to Houston is one hundred miles. Most of them range from two hundred and fifty to four hundred miles from here. However, I visited three organizations during the year. I am going to appoint lady missionaries in each district, as assistants, serving similar to stake board members, with the hope of accomplishing more during 1932. The lady missionaries all over the mission have been very active. Wherever they have labored they have rendered considerable service to our organization."

California Mission—Modesto Branch.

A TYPICAL Relief Society gathering is this picture of the Modesto Branch Relief Society, Fresno District, California Mission. It was taken on the Annual Day,

MODESTO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY, FRESNO DISTRICT, CALIFORNIA MISSION

March 17th, at the home of the branch president, Mrs. A. E. H. Cardwell, where a social was held.

Bakersfield Branch. The Relief Society presented a sacred pageant, "The Conversion of King Lamoni," September 22, 1931, in observance of the Angel Moroni's appearance to the Prophet Joseph Smith, which was attended by a large and appreciative audience. On October 27, 1931, this Society held a bazaar and dinner which was served cafeteria style, and proved to be a social and a financial success.

St. David (Arizona) Branch. *The* St. David Relief Society sent a farm women's exhibit in canning to the State Fair, which won first place in competition with fifteen or twenty other exhibits. The exhibit consisted of five varieties and five kinds of each variety. The enterprise of this branch organization is shown in a most practical and beneficial manner.

Basel Branch, Swiss-German Mission.

A CONFERENCE of the Relief Society organization of the Basel Branch, Swiss-German Mission, was held Sunday, August 16, 1931, in the local meeting place. About 140 were present in the evening meeting. Three meetings were held during the course of the day. The first was in the nature of a preliminary exercise in Sunday School, dedicated to the Relief Societies. In the afternoon, a testimony meeting was held at which almost one hundred per cent of the members present gave testimony of the value of the work and the fine spirit prevailing in all activities. The evening meeting consisted of a comprehensive program of musical numbers, instructive talks, and an historical characterization of the seven presidents of the Relief Society.

"The photograph is of the participants in this presentation. The material for their individual speeches was drawn from the lessons dealing with these women, as given in the official manual. The costuming of the characters was modeled as nearly as possible after the photographs available of the past and present presidents of the Church organiza-

CHARACTERIZATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

tion. Those taking part were: Emma Hale Smith, Louise V. Seigmann; Eliza R. Snow, Anna S. Lingemann; Zina D. H. Young, Marie W. Spoerri; Bathsheba Wilson Smith, Louise Zimmer; Emmeline B. Wells, Olga Laubscher; Clarissa S. Williams, Eva Lieber; Louise Yates Robison, Marie Wagner. Representing the Relief Society presidency on the photograph is Sister Friederika Rupp."

Swedish Mission:

SISTER SIGNE L. HULTERSTROM, former president, writes:

"1. *A brief history of the Relief Society work in Sweden*: The Relief Society work in Sweden dates back to the year 1854, at which time the first branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized by missionaries in Skane. Sweden was at that time part of the mission known as the Scandinavian Mission. Since that early year the sisters have performed their part of the work in proclaiming the Gospel in Sweden. There is not much written in the Scandinavian mission history concerning the sisters and their activities, but it can be stated that they have worked hand in hand with the brethren, doing all they could in assisting to establish and build up branches of the Church in different parts of Sweden, particularly laboring for the welfare of the women, both young and old, who became members of the Church. In 1905 Sweden was separated from the Scandinavian mission and became at that time a mission of itself. Since that date, the sisters have been even more actively engaged in Relief Society work. For many years the Relief Societies in Sweden held only one meeting per month, but since Sister Leah D. Widtsoe became pres-

ident over the Relief Societies in the European Mission, meetings have been held every week, conjointly with the brethren, when they were holding their Priesthood meeting. The history recorded in the Relief Society annual report for 1930, gives a good description of what our faithful sisters in Sweden are doing. Copies of this history and report were sent at that time to the officers at both Liverpool and Salt Lake City.

"2. *Activity in the mission at present*: We have at the present time 15 organized Relief Societies in Sweden, and a total enrollment of 346 members. Each Society organized is independent and fully operative, and the meetings are held once a week, conjointly with the Priesthood meetings. The following order prevails: the first Tuesday in the month the time is used for theological studies; the second Tuesday is business meeting, at which reports are given by the district teachers; the third Tuesday, studies in the Word of Wisdom, Health and Home Life; the fourth Tuesday is set apart for literary lessons and sewing; the fifth Tuesday (when there is one) is usually used for a social. During June and August only two meetings are held per month. The district teachers make regular visits to homes of members. The topics are being used as suggested, and the teachers' visits vary from 15 to 30 minutes. Two funds are being maintained, a General Fund and a Charity Fund. Relief Society conferences are being held twice a year. Both minutes and a history are being written about all activities in the Swedish Mission. Plenty of Church literature is kept on hand, and also books on physical culture and etiquette."

Sister Zina Forsberg is now president of the Relief Society work in Sweden. She succeeded Sister Signe L. Hulterstrom in December, 1931.

The Village Church Spire

By Eunice I. Gardner

The spire of the village church
  Against the evening sky
Seems to voice a benediction
  To all the passers-by.

When daily tasks are put away
  And a glow is in the west,
I love to gaze upon the spire
  It sets my soul at rest.

The evening shadows lengthen,
  The stars begin to shine,
The spire pointing up to God
  Bids me think of love divine!

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XIX JULY, 1932 No. 7

EDITORIAL

The Nation's Birthday

ON the nation's birthday this year, we are thinking, perhaps, more deeply about what America stands for and about what the future of democracy is than ever before. America has long been regarded as a land of promise. The eyes of the world have turned to her as offering opportunities impossible in the Old World order. In her domain barriers that have divided classes in the Old World are non-existent. She has been a land where dreams have come true, where there have been opportunities for each to develop to the measure of his ability or capacity. Thousands of emigrants have come here with practically nothing and in a few years have so prospered that they have gotten comfortable homes and enjoyed luxuries undreamed of when they landed. Success has come so easily that it has turned our heads. We have boasted of our wealth, of our prestige, of our power. We have felt that there was no limit to our wealth, that our prestige could not be successfully questioned, that our power was unshakable. Now, when everything is being shaken, when men's hearts are failing them for fear of what may come, when institution after institution that was thought to be impregnable, has gone to the wall, when people who have been living beyond their means are called to account, when homes are sold because payments on them cannot be kept up, when those who have thought they had a competence for life are losing most or all of their resources, there is coming a realization that we have lived beyond our means and have put too high a value on temporal things. We are coming to realize now that we have been intoxicated with our mechanistic success and have sublimated in some cases almost to the vanishing point

things of the spirit. Thinkers are coming to a realization that we should put the proper emphasis upon the true values of life. Important as mechanical and physical things are, and although they do add to the comfort and happiness of life, yet there are spiritual values which we have neglected and which should now be brought to the fore.

So we should all consider carefully today how our lives may be made better and richer. If, as James Truslow Adams in his book, "The Epic of America," says, "America's distinctive and unique gift to mankind is the *American dream,* that dream of a land in which life shall be better and richer and fuller for every man, with opportunity for each according to his ability or achievement," and if, as he says, this dream is not one of "motor cars and high wages merely, but a dream of a social order in which each man and each woman shall be able to attain to the fullest stature of which they are innately capable," then we must study and realize what this achievement implies.

In pioneering, the dominant questions were those of necessity, burning stumps, clearing the land, planting seed, caring for it, harvesting, building homes. Our pioneering days are largely over but we have problems just as taxing and that require all our brain and brawn. Our problem now is not only to see that all have sufficient for their physical needs, but that all have opportunity for cultural development and intellectual advancement. "We cannot become a great democracy by giving ourselves up as individuals to selfishness, physical comfort, and cheap amusements. The very foundation of the American dream of a better and richer life for all is that all, in varying degrees, shall be capable of wanting to share in it. It can never be wrought into a reality by cheap people or by 'keeping up with the Joneses'."

So many of us, in our struggle to make a living, have forgotten how to live. Our thoughts and our energies have been focused on material things and we have felt that our happiness depended upon them. May we not hope that out of the holocaust of the present depression we may emerge refined by the furnace fires, having higher ideals, more worthwhile dreams, a finer standard of values, and with our thoughts centered on spiritual things?

June Conference

EACH year the Church looks forward to the June conference because of its spiritual uplift, the splendid training it offers, the insight it gives as to what is expected of officers and teachers, and the knowledge of the coming season's work that it imparts. We congratutate the Primary Association and the Mutual Improvement organizations on their unusually successful conference this year. The attendance was remarkable. When one thinks of the financial stringency, it is wonderful that such large groups attended every department section. This shows how eager the officers are to be helped in their work and also their faith that the conference will give the needed assistance.

The theme for the Mutual conference was "The Opportunity of

the Hour—To Enrich Leisure, To Spiritualize Recreation." Their slogan always stands for that which is most needed at the time it is given, and now, when people are looking forward to enjoying more leisure, it is very timely to consider how to enrich it and how to spiritualize the recreation of its membership.

The Primary theme, taken from the Children's Charter, was, "For every child spiritual and moral training to help him stand firm under the pressure of life." One can think of no more timely or forceful theme to be considered by those who are so deeply interested in the welfare of children.

Departments were conducted which helped every officer or teacher in his or her respective work, and the Gleaners, Juniors, Bee Keepers and Summer Camp Leaders Institute that followed the conference were most helpful, and so we might say that this conference was outstanding for the definite help it gave those in attendance.

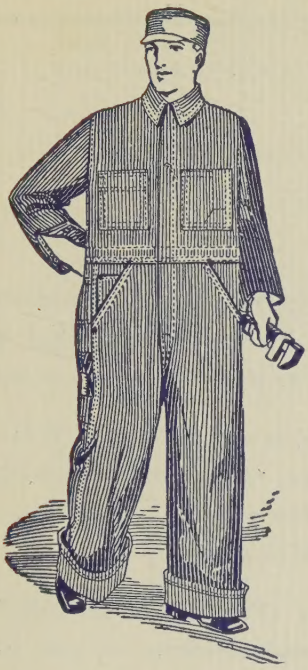
The musical festival, under the direction of the Mutuals, was most inspiring. Three thousand singers gathered from all over the Church and rendered beautiful selections. The sweetness of their voices, the purity of their lives, and their eagerness to represent well the cause they had espoused, was evident to all who heard them. The Sunday morning session of the Primary Association where 1000 children sang was a delight to all who were present.

The outing of the Mutuals to Saltair was more enjoyable than usual; and the social given by the Primary at Kingsbury Hall was considered one of the most delightful affairs ever given by that organization.

On returning from Columbia University several years ago, Dr. Pack said, "The thing we lack most is appreciation of our own strength." We believe those attending this conference have realized as never before the power of their organization and what it is doing for its members.

Be Prepared

WHEN the campaign for Magazine subscriptions was being conducted last fall, and when the annual dues were being collected, one of our alert officers said, "We do not begin at the right time to make these drives successful. We should begin months before. If one cent a week were put aside for a year we would have more than enough for our dues. Three cents a week would more than cover our Magazine subscription and our dues." Many who cannot pay $1.50 at once, could by gradual saving, do it with ease. We wonder how many have profited by the excellent suggestion of Sister McKenzie in "The Old Teapot," published in the October, 1931 number of the Magazine, page 554. We suggest that all reread this story and follow its suggestions.



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